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THE NEW
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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenæum, Week-end Review.*

THE situation in Central Europe grows worse and the gravest fears are now entertained about Germany's intentions at the time of the Nazi rally at Nuremberg. In a complicated and desperate situation there are two outstanding factors. First, few people in Germany, and perhaps not even the Nazi leaders themselves, believe that an attack on Czechoslovakia would be the signal for a world war. Hitler would like to crush the Czechs, but he certainly does not wish to fight Britain and France. Therefore the most urgent necessity is for Berlin to realise the overwhelming danger of European war in the event of an armed attack on Czechoslovakia. The other essential is for us to realise that no threat can restore Czech authority in the Sudeten areas. With 75 million Germans just over the frontier the Czechs cannot take strong measures; they cannot even prevent the Sudeten Germans terrorising and suppressing the minority of German Socialists. No policy, however well meant, of concessions here and there materially affects the situation. If Hitler agrees to accept a solution within Czechoslovakia, it may still be possible, if the Czechs make an imaginative offer of partnership to the Sudeten Germans, to reconcile them to the existing frontiers. But if Lord Runciman reports that this is impossible, the question of frontier revision, difficult though it is, should at once be tackled. The strategical value of the Bohemian frontier should not be made the occasion of a world war. We should not guarantee the *status quo*.

The Czech Position

It should be remembered that Czechoslovakia is now almost surrounded by enemies, for though Hungary has undertaken not to attack Czechoslovakia, no one believes that Hungary would be more friendly or less avaricious than Poland in the event of a German attack. The U.S.S.R. is a long way from Prague and its help would necessarily be limited. The U.S.S.R. will not make any move unless France moves, and the French could do little to help the Czechs, though French mobilisation could, of course, force Hitler to place a large part of his army on the western front. Mobilisation would almost certainly lead to general war. Nothing we or anyone else could do would save Czechoslovakia from destruction; it would be a question of a counter-attack on Germany. The extraordinary difficulty of the situation arises, of course, from the Nazi mentality. People who know of the goodwill expressed by the German people towards England and of Hitler's certainly sincere desire for our neutrality must be made aware by a score of incidents, such as the glorification of the murderers of

Dolfuss and the coming trial of Schuschnigg, that the democracies are confronted by a Power which cares little for the usual conventions of civilised behaviour. Schuschnigg's trial is in itself, compared to the barbarities of Fascism, the smallest of incidents, but it is significant that the head of a State who did no more than attempt to maintain its integrity, should be tried for "treason" towards Germany. On this reasoning Dr. Beneš is, of course, an arch-traitor, and Mr. Chamberlain may soon be forced into the same category. It is a more dangerous and difficult situation than that of August, 1914.

Pull Devil, Pull Baker

Has the situation of Czechoslovakia been bettered by the Agreement reached at Bled this week between Hungary and the three Little Entente Powers? Psychologically, perhaps; but the material bearing of the pact on relations between Prague and Berlin, and Berlin-Budapest remains to be seen. M. Imrédy, the Hungarian Premier, is a realist. He has accompanied Admiral Horthy on his visit to Germany because he recognises that Hungary's dependence on the German market is extreme, and that Nazi propaganda is making rapid headway among the landless Hungarian peasantry. The confirmation on Wednesday of the sentence of three years' imprisonment passed on Major Szalasi, the Hungarian Nazi leader, looks like a gesture to demonstrate that Hungary does not intend to become a supine vassal of Germany without a *quid pro quo*. But if M. Imrédy has made up his mind that the Hungarian wagon must be hitched to the "Axis," the compensation is obviously to be sought in Slovakia, with its Magyar minority. Against this background, what does the Bled Agreement amount to? Hungary gains legal recognition of a right to re-arm which she has already exercised and undertakes to refrain from attacking her Little Entente neighbours. She knows that a direct attack on Slovakia would bring in Jugoslavia on the side of the Czechs. But if Germany did the attacking, with Hungary's benevolent neutrality, would she refrain afterwards from demanding a share of the spoils?

M. Daladier's Move

Another French administration seems likely to founder on the economic rocks. Last Sunday M. Daladier broadcast the outlines of a new programme. His thesis was that the nation's productivity and income must increase. The franc was a strong currency in the sense that there was 100 per cent. gold coverage for the note circulation; but it was essential to promote the expansion of taxable revenues in order to buttress the exchange firmly against speculators' attacks. Accordingly, first of all, the 40-hour week must be made more elastic; industries must have "the hours necessary for their activity"; and overtime payments must be at rates not exceeding normal pay by more than 10 per cent. In return for this sacrifice by labour, employers would be asked to rationalise their undertakings and modernise their plant; there would be no further devaluations of the franc or exchange control; the Budget would be balanced by economies "not involving sterile deflation"; and eventually the cost of living would be reduced by lightening the load of taxes on industry's back. Thus M. Daladier—almost perfunctorily veiling with vague and contradictory promises an immediate frontal attack on the workers' standards.

Breakers Ahead in France

It is almost inconceivable that the French Premier could have hoped to swing the Left behind him with this programme of one-sided sacrifice. If he did, he was speedily undeceived. The Independent Socialist Ministers of Labour and Public Works immediately resigned. They had not been consulted, apparently, by M. Daladier before he made his broadcast. M. Blum at first showed a readiness to believe that the Premier had his difficulties, which must not be exploited; he is too good a tactician to want to drive M. Daladier still further to the Right. But organised labour lost no time in registering through the C.G.T. its determination to oppose any lengthening of the working week at a time when France still has 300,000 unemployed. Tempers have been raised by the employers' refusal to accept the State's arbitral award in the Marseilles dock dispute, whose extension to Algeria is now threatened. The net result is that M. Daladier's move seems likely to create trouble, though the C.G.T. might be willing to agree, in conference, to further exceptional relaxations of the 40-hour week.

Red Cross in China

The *Manchester Guardian* has published this week two remarkable articles by Miss Agnes Smedley which describe the terrible conditions of the wounded in China. Miss Smedley gives a ghastly picture of wounded in early days without sheets or soap; the lack of surgical materials, the rapid spread of beri-beri, dysentery and malaria. To-day, bad though the situation is, the improvement is great. The Chinese press has carried on a campaign for the care of the wounded and the Chinese public has begun to realise the need for an efficient Army Medical Service. A number of modern Chinese doctors have set themselves the task of building well-trained Red Cross medical units and a training school for army medical workers has been set up at Changsha under the direction of a very remarkable man, Dr. Robert K. S. Lim. By the end of 1938 Dr. Lim expects to have a force of 8,000 properly trained medical workers ready and able to go wherever they are needed. This is to move on really constructive lines, for the large sums of money collected in Britain, the United States and elsewhere for relief work are dispensed directly by foreign-controlled organisations in China and in the long run China's only hope is to build her own organisations and find her own skilled men.

The President and Aggressors

It would probably be a mistake to attach great significance to Mr. Roosevelt's latest re-affirmation of a new-model Monroe Doctrine. To warn aggressors that the United States will not stand idly by if Canadian soil is trodden by the foot of a foreign invader is to make a promise whose execution is unlikely to be expensive. Hitler is not within measurable distance of being able to throw an army into Quebec, nor is a Japanese invasion of Vancouver to be seriously apprehended. Yet there was more than electioneering in his Ontario speech. After the failure of his attempt at Chicago last year to lead the United States away from isolationism, Mr. Roosevelt is too wise to take a line which could be interpreted as favouring "European entanglements." Nevertheless, he was undoubtedly speaking for the American democracy when he declared that "nothing can prevent our people from having an opinion in regard to misery inflicted on helpless peoples, or in regard to violation of accepted individual rights." In the event of a world war the American Neutrality Act might not long withstand that spirit.

Doctors versus the State

The Labour Government in New Zealand is at loggerheads with the doctors over the medical provisions of its Social Security Bill. The Government's scheme is in essence a free public medical service for all (together with old-age pensions at sixty). To this the New Zealand branch of the British Medical Association objects, and advances a counter-proposal of its own for a scheme to be run by the general practitioners, and providing a service based on the means of the individual patients, with an income limit approved by the Association. A secret ballot of the doctors, it is said, has recently been held, in which only 45 of 913 votes cast were in favour of the Government's scheme. This opposition is not, of course, very surprising. Anti-Socialism has long flourished in the medical profession everywhere, though it is steadily weakening; and in the United States there is actually a similar movement of the American Medical Association against the co-operative medical service set up by the new voluntary societies of patients. The New Zealand Government, however, are determined to pass their measure.

The British Ass

The most interesting development at the British Association this year was the setting up of a new division for the study of the social and international relations science. Prof. Huxley, Sir Richard Gregory and Mr. Wells are among its sponsors. On the economic side the outstanding proposal came from Mr. Keynes who advocated a bold storage plan not merely in relation to a possible war emergency, but as a means of achieving "administered stability" in the price structure. Briefly, Mr. Keynes suggests that Empire producers of raw materials and foodstuffs should be offered free facilities for the physical storage of stocks in this country. The stocks would remain the property of the depositors, but the Government would lend at a nominal rate of interest cash up to, say, 90 per cent. of the value of the goods stored. The annual cost of thus storing £500 millions' worth of commodities is estimated by Mr. Keynes at about £20,000,000. This is a considerable sum; but, in return, we should not merely have a useful war reserve, but by manipulating the volume of stocks held we might help to smooth out the present disturbing fluctuations in commodity prices. Mr. Keynes admits that the acquisition of stocks on this scale, even from "sterling area" countries might lead to losses of gold. But, he asks, would not commodities be as useful a reserve as sterilised gold? Moreover, in building up the initial stocks, we should in effect be making a capital investment in the Empire, from which our export industries would benefit.

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MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S HAT

If Mr. Chamberlain's Government were an honest neutral in the battle between Fascism and Democracy that rages in Spain, two events recorded this week would bring its patience to an end. The less conspicuous of them is perhaps the more important. After stoutly denying, before Parliament rose, that Mussolini was sending fresh troops and arms to Spain, and praising the Dictator's "loyalty," Mr. Chamberlain seems to have made further enquiries. The result was that he caused a diplomatic protest to be lodged in Rome. The answer came after long delays. It was an admission that the Italian army of invasion must be kept at full strength: consequently reinforcements to replace wastage have been despatched, a procedure that squares with Italian notions of international ethics. If it is true that 20,000 troops were recently landed, the "replacement" has far exceeded any possible total of casualties. The same remark applies to aircraft. The practice is now that fresh Italian bombers fly from Genoa to Majorca and there pick up the bombs which they drop on Spanish ports, British ships and the Republican trenches.

The second event was the publication of General Franco's belated answer to the British plan. The formal courtesy of its pretence of acceptance can hardly have amused even an official reader. It is in substance a rejection as final and uncompromising as possible. It will tolerate no international control in rebel ports. It stipulates that the grant of belligerent rights, which was to follow the process of evacuation, shall precede it. Then, after an argument which suggests that any considerable evacuation is technically impossible, it proposes that the withdrawals shall be, not proportionate, but equal. Each side, that is to say, shall lose 10,000 of its foreign combatants. That is, on a generous reckoning, approximately the total of the international volunteers on the Republican side. Franco, however, after despatching 10,000 of the staler units of his Italian infantry, would still retain about 10,000 German technical troops, some 800 or 900 aircraft with their foreign crews, and Italian infantry formations that would admittedly amount to 30,000 men and would be more probably about double that number. These Rome would hold itself entitled to keep up to strength.

That is a proposition that no honest Government in London or Paris would consent to discuss. It is none the less the answer that any intelligent Government in these capitals would have anticipated. Hitler and Mussolini, but more especially the latter, have staked their prestige on securing a victory for Franco. But the more we learn of the stubborn and tireless valour of the Republican armies, the clearer does it become that Franco can win only with the most lavish foreign aid. A genuinely proportionate evacuation would change the relative strength of the two sides so drastically that a Republican victory would be the probable outcome, though it might not be rapid. Franco can defend his salient along the Ebro only because he can launch 541 Italian aircraft, together with an unstated number of German planes, in a single day to batter the Republican positions. If all the foreign pilots of these machines were withdrawn, or even half of them, that alone would alter the whole aspect of this campaign. To believe that Mussolini would agree to polite requests to throw away his hopes of victory in this way was to offend common sense. If he ever intends to do it, it will be when Franco's triumph is already secure. At the risk of using blunter language than is customary in English political controversy, we would add that we refuse to believe that Mr. Chamberlain and the capable brains at the Foreign Office knew so little of their world as to anticipate success for their plan. It was a more or less plausible way of wasting time. It enabled them to hold the French on a leash, and to make some answer to the attacks of the Opposition.

That game is finished. Franco has killed this "plan." It will not be even plausible now to spend yet another year in discussing a voluntary evacuation, though this is apparently the intention of Downing Street. The Non-Intervention Committee is not to meet at once for the purpose of taking formal notice of General Franco's rejection of the plan it has evolved with so much labour and approved with so much diplomacy. Everything is to be done to put off the next meeting of the Non-Intervention Committee where plain things might be said and honest proposals put forward. Lord Plymouth, we understand, regrets that General Franco's reply is not in some respects satisfactory and proposes to send a request to Burgos for the elucidation of certain ambiguous phrases in the insurgent leader's Note. Since it pays the Fascist Powers to continue delays while they pour men and material into Spain, we may be sure that he will not lack words and pretexts with which to keep the farce going a little longer.

The simple truth is that when Mr. Chamberlain rashly promised to eat his hat if he failed to bring off his agreement with Mussolini, he was assured that the war would be over and General Franco in Barcelona by May. June was the proposed month for the ratification of the British-Italian Pact. August is nearly over and the Republican army looks no nearer defeat than it did six months ago. Therefore Italian aid for Franco is being doubled. The Fascist Powers will make the best military use of the delay, relying on Mr. Chamberlain's diplomatic support to keep the ball rolling until Franco wins. It will be difficult to keep up the postponement and hypocrisy of Non-Intervention for another six months; we may be sure that Mr. Chamberlain will do his best. Even so, the tenacity of the Spanish Government is likely to frustrate him.

There is therefore still a chance of retrieving the situation in Spain. In our view it is far more vital to British interests and to the preservation of democracy than the independence of Czechoslovakia. But the two danger spots are not unconnected. Clearly nothing is gained by talking to Mussolini like a maiden aunt or making bargains which he does not mean to keep. As long as the Spanish war lasts Mussolini controls a formidable instrument of blackmail which threatens to destroy French independence and increases Hitler's power in Central Europe. To arm the half-armed Republic adequately, more especially in the air, would not be, as some suppose, to increase the risk of a European conflict. On the contrary, it would begin to free the French from a paralysing dread. Our own conception of the best way to strengthen the hopes of peace in Central Europe, so that Hitler will not think it worth while to proceed with violence, would be even now, by a bold demonstration, to rob the Axis of its footing in Spain.

The National Council of Labour must be aware of these salient facts and could well arrange for a special Labour Conference on Spanish policy when the T.U.C. meets in Blackpool at the beginning of next month. There will certainly be a strong movement in the country behind a demand to lift the ban on the purchase of war materials by the Spanish Government, to open the French frontier and to give effective protection to British ships engaged in lawful trade with Spain. There will also be an urgent demand that the Non-Intervention Committee should meet at once. The Executives of the Labour and Trade Union movements should also urge that Parliament be summoned at an early date. This is a demand that Mr. Chamberlain will certainly resist. His proposed agreement with Mussolini is presumably dead. The Prime Minister is himself made of tough material, but he will wish to put off as long as possible the fulfilment of his promise to eat in public this particularly unpalatable hat.

FASCISM IN QUEBEC

[FROM A CANADIAN CORRESPONDENT]

IN England it is not very widely known that a Fascist movement exists in Canada; to those who know the Senior Dominion it may be even more surprising to learn that this movement has its origin in Quebec.

The leader of the movement, Adrien Arcand, is a young French-Canadian. By a strange coincidence Arcand resembles Sir Oswald Mosley, while his right-hand man, Major Scott, has been photographed on more than one occasion in an attitude strongly reminiscent of Mussolini. Editor of *L'Illustration Nouvelle*, a French daily, Arcand also manages to edit and publish monthly *Le Fasciste Canadien*, the official organ of the party. He claims 80,000 followers in the province of Quebec alone, but impartial observers do not credit him with more than a tenth of this number. The steady growth of the party, however, is undeniable, and it is almost solely due to Arcand's passionate nationalism backed up by his fiery oratory.

Until recently the party was called the National Social Christian Party (Parti National Social Chrétien), and the members wore blue shirts with a red swastika on a white background, but at a recent national convention Arcand was elected Leader for the Dominion, the party name was changed to the National Unity Party and the swastika was abandoned for a flaming torch. The blue shirt remains.

As is usual during the early stages of a movement of this kind the platform is more negative than positive, the main planks being anti-Communism, anti-Judaism and anti-Freemasonry. Arcand's solution to the Jewish problem, which, incidentally, is non-existent in Canada, is to ship all the Jews to Madagascar—after they have purchased it. Loyalty to the King and adherence to constitutional means of taking power are continually being reiterated by party speakers. The organisation of the corporate state—which is preached by certain French clerical and educational authorities—is also part of the programme, but corporatism has ever been a rather hazy subject. The movement more closely resembles Italian Fascism than any other of the present-day totalitarian forms of government, though as a Jew-hater Arcand is not excelled by any of the Nazis.

The change in the party emblem from the swastika to the flaming torch is significant. It was made, according to Arcand, "because our enemies call us Nazis." A similar interpretation may also be placed on the change in name. In view of the treatment of the Roman Catholic Church by the Nazis, and since the population of the province of Quebec is predominantly Roman Catholic, this move will further strengthen the connection between the party and the Church, for there is no doubt that the Church regards this Fascist movement with a benevolent eye. In a recent speech, Cardinal Villeneuve, for example, said that he did not think a change in the present democratic system of government was necessary, but he went on to define " liberty " in a fashion which is not in keeping with the usual tenets of a democratic State. It is the Church, moreover, which issues the corporatist literature. The Roman Catholic Church, of course, is strongly anti-Communistic. Arcand denies that any of his propaganda comes from Germany, claiming it is all printed in Canada except for a very small amount imported from the Imperial Fascist League in London.

Bands of uniformed Fascists are drilling regularly in various parts of the Province of Quebec, the principal centres being Montreal, Valleyfield, St. Hyacinthe and Sorel. A few weeks ago in Toronto it was discovered that several members of the Canadian militia were members of the party and were attending party meetings in soldier's uniform. The Federal Government at Ottawa has stated there is nothing illegal in the procedure. Generally speaking it may be said that the whole affair is being taken very calmly throughout Quebec, even by the English-speaking minority, though there have been several minor riots and disorders in which the windows of Jewish shops have been smashed.

Why should such a party have arisen, and above all why should its centre be French Quebec ? There is no background of Communism in Quebec ; its record in labour disputes is exceptionally clean. The economic and financial life of the province is in English-speaking hands, but Quebec is regarded as one of the safest places in the world to-day for capital which clearly needs no protection by Fascists against Communism. Quebec, in short, would seem to be the last possible breeding ground for Fascism. But there are two important reasons for the rise of this movement, the Church and a growing nationalist feeling.

In 1936, when the Taschereau regime was defeated at the polls by Duplessis after forty years of a liberalism that was so conservative as to be reactionary, it was not generally realised that this new Union Nationale party marked a definite step forward in the awakening of the French people. For years the French have been saying that they are " hewers of wood and drawers of water " in this, their own Province, which was given to them at Confederation along with their language and religion. For years they have felt that they are being exploited. The banks, the trust companies, the railroads, the insurance companies, the power companies—all are in English-speaking hands, and while they employ plenty of French labour there are few Frenchmen on the various directorates or in the higher executive positions. At this time the smaller factions advocating Separatism were making themselves plainly heard, and the words " secession " and " autonomous republic on the banks of the St. Lawrence " were bandied about quite freely. These extremists, however, are definitely in the minority, for most Frenchmen realise that they are much better off under Confederation.

To a considerable degree the reason for the position of the French in Quebec lies in the educational system. All French education is in the hands of the Church ; philosophy and the classics bulk largely in the curricula of the various educational institutions. Efforts are being made by the Duplessis Government to modernise the system, particularly in the fields of agriculture and mining engineering, but it is difficult to see how any real progress can be made unless the Church is willing to cede some of its power. At present this does not seem likely.

The position of the Church in Quebec is probably unique in any part of the British Empire. The first impression gained by a visitor is that there is a tremendous number of churches. Montreal, in fact, has been called the " city of churches." But the magnificence of the churches is in inverse ratio to the standard of living of the " habitant." Statistics show that tuberculosis deaths are much higher than in any other part of Canada ; infantile mortality is also much higher. In a country which has definitely been too progressive in many other ways—for example, in the building of railroads and hotels on a more ambitious scale than the population warrants—the French in Quebec have gone to the other extreme, and to-day their more enlightened members freely admit that in many respects they are far from progressive.

The growth of Fascism in Quebec has undoubtedly come about with the acquiescence of the Government as well as the Church. No better proof of governmental approval can be found than the Padlock Law, which was passed by the provincial Government in March, 1937. Under this Act a house may, without a warrant, be entered, searched, and padlocked if it is believed to be used in the interests of Communism or Bolshevism. The words are not defined. This law was first invoked when the police padlocked the offices of *La Clarté*, a French Leftist weekly, published in Montreal. Immediately after this happened copies printed in Ontario were in circulation in Montreal. On the front page there was a picture of the padlocked office door and the following challenge to Duplessis : " No one will ever smother Clarté, defender of the people and of civil and labour rights."

Since then scores of raids have taken place all over Montreal and literature of all kinds seized. A vigorous campaign has also been directed against the *Daily Clarion*, a Communist paper printed in Toronto, and the provincial police have on several occasions seized copies of *La Clarté* and the *Daily Clarion* as they entered Quebec by truck or train. In spite of all the efforts of the police copies can still be obtained in Montreal. Private houses, book-stores and paper-stands have also been raided ; even supposedly Communistic schools have been entered, books confiscated and pupils sent home. Public meetings featuring Communist speakers are also banned.

As a result of this Act a peculiar situation exists in Canada. Advocacy of Communism by violence is covered by the Criminal Code, but the advocacy of Communism without violence is not a crime except in Quebec. Liberty of the individual is one of the fundamentals of democracy, but under the Padlock Law that liberty is gone. The accused receives no hearing, has no means of knowing who informed against him. One may be a Communist in any other part of Canada but not in Quebec. The crime itself is undefined.

Such unlimited powers of entry and seizure, such loss of liberty, have never been known in Canada before, yet the Federal Government has refused to disallow the Act even although it disallowed Aberhart's Social Credit measures. According to Acting-Secretary Frank W. Beare, Professor of Church History at the Presbyterian College, Montreal, the petition of the Canadian Civil Liberties Union asking for disallowance was signed by more than 16,000 inhabitants of Quebec. Monsieur Duplessis insists that he is fighting Communism. The cry has a familiar ring.

Arcand, in his speeches, is beginning to use the phrase " we Nationalists " rather than " we Fascists." Admittedly the movement is not Fascist in the ordinary sense, but it contains most of the ingredients of Fascism. The vast majority of Canadians want nothing to do with either Fascism or Communism, but it would be a mistake to underestimate Arcand and his party. The three big factors in the average French Canadian's life are his family, his Church, and his politics. If a new political philosophy which has the approval of the Church promises a fuller life for himself and his family, then it is only to be expected that the movement will grow.

Valentine Williams in *The World of Action* records that when he was in Munich in 1920 he was advised to see a harum-scarum agitator called Adolf Hitler ; he called, found him out, and did not have time to wait for an appointment. In that same year Mussolini was an Italian journalist whom Lloyd George was too busy to see. Always provided that he dissociates himself from any taint of Nazi-ism, Adrien Arcand may yet have an important place in Canadian history.

A LONDON DIARY

DURING the last few days I have been imagining the task of a future historian, sitting perhaps in a wing of the British Museum (providentially preserved from the general cataclysm) and engaged in writing a history of the causes of the recent great war. He begins, probably, with the "human nature" side of it; science had invented aeroplanes, but had not told us how to deal with the violence and irrationality which remained beneath the surface of civilisation. As long as men are like that, cherishing those values and open to those emotional appeals, he argues, social stability remains impossible. He then notes that one group of people, the out and out pacifists, tried to find an ultimate cure for war by the genuine method of changing individual psychology. Perhaps he records some elements of civilisation saved from the catastrophe as the direct results of their missionary work. Then he examines all the well-meaning political efforts to avoid war. There would be a chapter on the League of Nations, disarmament and the various schemes of politicians and economists for patching up the crazy structure of capitalism. In retrospect all these were plainly doomed to failure because they did not deal with the things that people were really quarrelling about—the rivalries of classes and of economic groups, of which nation States were only the functional expressions. Perhaps he would pick up a little book called *Why Capitalism Means War*, which came out in August, 1938 (Gollancz, 1*s.* 6*d.*). Here in a few pages he could read perhaps the clearest analysis of the underlying causes of the war in the 20th century. Mr. Brailsford, perhaps the best journalist writing in 1938, had written another book called *The War of Steel and Gold*, which appeared soon after the war of 1914 began. The fundamentals of the argument had not changed. The conclusion my historian would draw is that society had not learned very much in twenty-four years.

* * *

This war which I am supposing is not of course "inevitable"; nothing is inevitable, and everything may be postponed. But it helps in days of strain to think in long distance terms. What will my historian say that the war was about? Since democracy will have long disappeared, it cannot have been a war for "democracy"; though the historian may agree with that description as applied to the present war in Spain. Young men like Lewis Clive and David Guest have recently given their lives there among many other young idealists from England and other countries, just because the issue there was so plain—much less complicated by the sins of imperialism which are at the back of the struggle in Central Europe. The war of course would have been declared as a "fight with Fascism." That had been a delusion too, for the results had not brought freedom to the world, but a mixture of anarchy and tyranny. Nor of course was the war fought "for Czechoslovakia," nor "to save Soviet Russia from attack." No State ever goes to war on behalf of another; its ruling class only fights for its own aggrandisement or self-preservation. The naked truth would turn out to be that this was one more war in which British and French imperialism fought to save themselves from the new Germany, a more menacing and terrible form of imperialism than the world had known before. If war does arise out of the Czech situation, it will be because the French general staff decides that it is better to fight with the Czechs as allies than to wait until Hitler dominates the whole of Central Europe and the Balkans. The reasons for such a war differ very little from those of 1914.

* * *

These people, my historian will add, wanted peace and yet they fought. The Right were always prepared to fight if their power was challenged; the Left was swept into the cataclysm by its ideals and by its hatred of Fascism. The Right, fearing revolution and the universal destruction of the war, cried "to hell with Czechoslovakia" in 1938 just as John Bull cried "to hell with Servia" in 1914. But when the instincts of self-preservation were roused all this was swept away like chaff. The class war for the moment disappeared, only to rear its head and change the whole character of the war as the strain of the struggle began to tell.

* * *

It is said that human beings will "get used" to anything and, I suppose, if it were not for the thought of what aeroplanes implied, we might even get used to the appalling racket of air manoeuvres. However that may be, there are parts of England now where for days together the noise overhead obliterates all rest of body and peace of mind. There is one minute compensation to be recorded. The new aerodromes I have seen are not like army camps, hideous scars on the landscape, cinder paths, wooden huts and barbed wire. On the contrary, the houses and sheds, the towers and surrounding amenities are well planned and the architecture admirable. The only thing lacking would seem to be a tastefully designed cemetery.

* * *

What sort of man, one wonders, is Mr. Metcalfe, the London stipendiary magistrate who is so anxious to "punish" refugees who slip into England without passports? He is probably a good husband, a kindly father and a generous friend. If so, he has a remarkable capacity for acting and speaking on the bench without tapping the sources of sympathy and compassion within him. His remarks showed no realisation that there is ghastly tyranny in Germany or that there are thousands of innocent people flying for their lives. His state of mind remains a matter of speculation. The mentality of the people on the Beaverbrook press who take the matter up and talk as if they thought a cordon of police ought to stand with linked arms round the British coast, needs no special investigation. The Beaverbrook press is just enjoying its continuous silly season with its usual irresponsibility. It is not interested in those British traditions which Mr. Metcalfe is violating, and does not object to the unhappy people being sent to prison for six months. It is, as usual, quite ignorant. Actually, owing to the agony of Europe an unusually large number of aliens have recently attempted to stay in England without passport, but the number exceeds by very little, if at all, the number who are traced and brought to court. There is a notion that it is quite easy to take a week-end ticket to this country without a passport and not to use the return half. The fact, I suspect, is that the week-end ticket is an effective police method of catching "undesirables." Everyone who crosses is noted; those failing to return are at once marked down and, sooner or later, almost certainly caught. People who do not talk English and have no papers or money—the sort of refugees whom the *Daily Express* thinks so dangerous—stand no chance at all. Where are they to stay, where are they to get work, how are they to avoid the viligant police? There is one important point to add, which may be of some comfort to people like Lady Bonham-Carter, Commander Wedgwood and Rennell Rodd who have written such splendid protests to the *Times*, *Manchester Guardian* and *Daily Telegraph*. When a magistrate recommends an alien for deportation that only means that his case is examined by the Home Secretary. The Home Secretary will take into account "special circumstances" which may pass unnoticed in the Court. Mr. Metcalfe, thank God, has no power to deport anyone.

* * *

The exhibition of twentieth-century German art has been a great success. The attendance was so large that it was kept open during August: people of all sorts, including Nazis (one of whom created a row and had to be ejected) came from all over England and from other countries and a substantial sum of money has been raised for the fund set up to relieve distressed artists exiled by Hitler. A correspondent writes to make further suggestions. He points out that there are still good modern artists left in Germany whose work is being strangled. It is dangerous for them to paint in their own way even in their own studios, for Nazi law permits inspection of private houses. In any case they are tragically out of touch with artistic work in foreign countries and, as things are, can only earn a living by suppressing their serious work. My correspondent has some very sensible suggestions to make about ways in which artists and people interested in serious German art can even now help these unfortunate people, and offers to give detailed information to anyone who is ready to help. I am willing to pass on any letters directed to me on the subject.

* * *

The number of records in this preposterous Test Match itself constitutes a record. Wisden and well-seasoned memory could supply scores of records that have only passed unnoticed because of the greater glory of Hutton and a 900 first innings. Someone must have been longer at the crease before hitting a four or scoring twenty than anyone has ever been before, and one of the bowlers must in so long an innings have made more unsuccessful appeals than anyone else since someone or other. This game of " hunt the record " can be played anywhere by any number of people. Journalists can cap records all right. A woman created a new record recently by becoming the only woman who ever ran from Highgate Hill to the top of the Monument and back. A man has outdone all former competitors by travelling from London to Cannes facing England all the way. I doubt if anyone now living has beaten the score of a newspaper seller with a West End pitch who drank 77 quick half pints of beer recently in one day in between selling copies of his paper. The poet, D'Annunzio, set up a whole number of records, by being the baldest man who ever loved more women than Casanova, while having a thousand cushions in his villa, the largest hoard of greyhounds, a private fleet and writing the largest number of verses of any man since Homer (who probably did not write them anyway and so is disqualified). Then there was the recent parliamentary record made by the first woman M.P. with fair hair to travel by air from Plymouth to Southampton. Highbrows can play the game by historical records. Who was the first Pope to be hit by a millstone while sailing down the Tiber and was Heliogabalus the first Roman Emperor ever to be thrown into the common sewer? My own latest record is to get a dozen wrong 'phone numbers in ten minutes without repeating myself once. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. E. Webster.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

" I think our Lord is envious of you," Mr. Lake said. "If He had lived in the twentieth century He would have been a cyclist."—*Northern Echo.*

Could, or would, any medicos, clergy, or pope, solve the following question? A young child of 18 months is found to be web-toed—the little toe linked to its neighbour digit and on the right foot.

The mother of the child wishes an operation (minor, of course), and a surgeon readily agrees. But the mother's mother objects, and clinches her opinion by quoting Scripture: " What God has joined together, let no man put asunder!"—Letter in *John of Groat Journal.*

If you are a bad painter, not even the wealth of the Indies can get your picture into the Royal Academy.—*Evening Standard.*

Like his father . . . he has a weakness for English food. Especially salads and pâté de fois gras.—*Sunday Express.*

" The war will be over before a single man of K.'s army is engaged," wrote more than one short-sighted General; and again and again one was to hear the same cheerless opinion offered by soldiers and civilians alike.—From Sir George Arthur's reminiscences of Lord Kitchener in *Sunday Times.*

I was much interested in Mr. J. A. Spender's article on the Germans and their Leader.

They should kick Hitler out and then ask for permission to join the British Commonwealth. What a new and delightful experience for the German people to have a soul of their own and a King and Queen such as our own at their head!

They would be happier—and so would Europe.—Letter in *Birmingham Gazette.*

The increase in the Labour majority is purely due to the exodus of the better-class people from the borough and not from conversions to their way of thinking. I myself have migrated to the Conservative Borough of Wandsworth.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph.*

BACK TO THE LAND?

IV. MILK.

THE important thing about milk in this country is that it costs about *9d.* per gallon to produce, the milk price to the farmer averages about *1s.* per gallon, and milk used for manufacturing purposes returns about *6d.* per gallon. We import about twice as much milk in the form of butter and cheese as we produce at home. When butter from abroad is selling here at *1s.* per lb. retail, it means that the producer overseas is receiving something like *2½d.* per gallon for his milk—or would be if he were not subsidised by one of the several elaborate arrangements which overseas countries have adopted.

It will be seen, therefore, that unless butter and cheese are to be made considerably more expensive, or unless a very large subsidy is to be paid direct to the farmer, replacement of imported dairy products by home produced is unlikely to occur on any considerable scale. No English dairy farmer, and least of all the Milk Board, wishes to see a great extension of dairy farming without a corresponding increase in liquid consumption. The advantages to agriculture of producing more butter and cheese, particularly butter, would be the increase in skim milk available for rearing young stock and feeding to pigs and poultry. If we produced all the butter and cheese we consume, over one thousand million gallons of skim milk would be available for these purposes, and would save about a million tons of imported feeding stuffs. The Danes created their bacon industry to use up this by-product, but now it is the by-product that supports the Danish milk industry. For the Danish farmer receives little more than sixpence per gallon for his milk, but gets his money back through the high quality milk-fed bacon that he sells to England. It might be noted, in passing, that if we became self-supporting in pigs we should strike the most vital blow possible at Danish agriculture.

Two years ago, when I tried to get estimates of the amount of skim milk thrown down the drain in this country, they varied between 60 and 100 million gallons yearly. Things have improved a little since then, and no doubt we could organise the return of all skim milk to the farms from the creameries. The more there was to return, the easier, economically speaking, it would be to do so. By this means we should be returning through the milk-fed stock to the soil the valuable organic minerals that are now lost to the farm when whole milk is taken away from it. We should be adding to the fertility of our land as well as to the health of our livestock. Supposing we replaced half of the dairy produce we now import, we should have to increase our dairy herds by about 3 million animals. If 18 million acres of our land could be improved to carry no more than 50 per cent. more than it does to-day, we might just do that and still have over 2½ million acres of ploughable land left in hand. Certainly we could do so if dairy farming were made more efficient. At the present moment the average yield per head of our dairy cattle is little more than 500 gallons a year, whereas a good herd can average 750 gallons without an undue strain on their health. This means that we could produce the same amount of milk as we do to-day with a million fewer animals.

But there is another method of increasing our milk production that will commend itself to many, and that is on the lines suggested by Sir John Orr of subsidising consumption so that all may have available to them the quantity of milk needed for their health. At present our average consumption is about two-fifths of a pint per head and it has been suggested that we ought to average not less than a pint. This may be putting it rather high, for we are also exceptionally heavy eaters of butter and there is much evidence to suggest that price, while obviously the limiting factor in the lower grades of incomes, is by no means the governing factor in the higher. Many do not care very much for raw milk, still more have never learnt how to use it in cookery, and the fact that we are not great coffee drinkers reduces our natural consumption of milk. But there is no doubt that a fairly large increase in milk drinking ought to take place. If we doubled our milk consumption to four-fifths of a pint we should still require another 1½ million dairy cattle even if the herd output increased by 30 per cent. through greater efficiency, and we should need nearly another 3 million animals at present standards. If the 4½ million of our population in the lowest income group had their average of under a pint a week of fresh milk brought up to a pint a day it would need the produce of nearly another 250,000 cows giving 750 gallons apiece.

As regards reducing costs, there is scope on the production side to reduce milk production costs appreciably. The percentage of such standing charges as rent in milk production costs would also tend to fall as the land gave a greater output and, as every dairy farmer knows, large sums could be saved that are wasted annually on many farms by failure to keep a check on rations supplied by over-indulgent dairymen to their charges. Yet I doubt if the average milk production cost could be reduced below 8*d.* per gallon at the very lowest. I have before me the accounts of a highly efficient, well-situated farm where the rent is generous to the tenant, where all the rations are weighed, where no disease has been experienced and the average yield per cow in a 34-cow herd was 811 gallons last year. The production cost for the year was 7.6*d.* per gallon, allowing nothing for the farmer's salary as manager or interest on capital. The point should not be forgotten, however, that animal health would assuredly improve as the condition of our land and the manner of our farming improved; and by putting fresh heart into agriculture, as well as into the land, the whole psychological outlook of the farmer would be changed for the better, good men would be attracted to the soil and many of those on it already who labour under the complex of defeatism would develop a more flexible and enterprising habit of mind. Reductions are also possible in the cost of distributing milk, and these offer a more hopeful field for bringing down the price, but that question is outside the scope of this article.

L. F. EASTERBROOK

QUICK RESULTS

It is said that there are statesmen in Europe who believe in the possibility of a short sharp war that would bring them a decisive victory. The belief in the possibility of a short decisive war appears to be one of the most ancient and dangerous of human illusions. This struck me the other day when by chance I picked up a translation of Livy and read how optimistically Hannibal set about the ruin of his people by plunging them into the Second Punic War. Smarting under the wrongs the Carthaginians had suffered from the treaty that followed the First Punic War—the loss of colonies, the indemnity and so forth—he seems to have convinced himself that what was desirable was possible and that, by concentrating the energies of his people on preparations for war, he could quickly become lord of the world.

In temperament he was of the ascetic type that seems to be fairly common among great leaders. "He was fearless in exposing himself to danger and perfectly self-possessed in the presence of danger. No amount of exertion could cause him either bodily or mental fatigue; he was equally indifferent to heat and cold; his eating and drinking were measured by the needs of nature, not by appetite; his hours of sleep were not determined by day or night." His vices were also those that have been fairly common among leaders of genius throughout history—"inhuman cruelty, a perfidy worse than Punic, an utter absence of truthfulness, reverence, fear of the gods, respect for oaths, sense of religion."

Such a man was naturally popular, and all Carthage was jubilant when he challenged the might of Rome by his triumphant attack on Saguntum (not far from Valencia). Only one man, Hanno, dared to strike a pessimistic note in the Carthaginian senate, and he was believed to be jealous. Jealous or not, however, he showed considerable foresight in his estimate of the Romans. "The slower they are to take action," he said "the longer they are in commencing war, so much the more persistence and determination, I fear, will they show when the war has begun. . . . It is" he added —and he was a well-inspired prophet—"against Carthage that Hannibal is now bringing up his *vineae* and towers; it is Carthage whose walls he is shaking with his battering-rams." And he proposed that Hannibal, "the mad firebrand," should be either surrendered to Rome as a treaty-breaker or "deported to the farthest corner of the earth."

Hannibal could point out, however, that the breach of the treaty at Saguntum had been successful and that the Romans had been unable to save their Spanish friends. Rome, too, was in a state of panic. "There were," Livy says, "sufficient grounds for alarm. Never had they met a more active or a more warlike enemy, and never had the Roman republic been so lacking in energy or so unprepared for war." The tribes of Spain and Gaul turned away from her. "I advise you," said one Spanish leader, "to look for allies where the fall of Saguntum has not been heard of; the nations of Spain see in the ruins of Saguntum a sad and emphatic warning against putting any trust in Rome."

There was certainly plenty to encourage Hannibal and he led his army across the Rhône and over the Alps. It is true that "the bulk of his army had not forgotten the previous war"—it ended only twenty-three years before—"and looked forward with dismay to meeting their old enemy"; but, when they had reached the other side of the Alps and halted within view of the rich valley of the Po, Hannibal was able confidently to assure them: "You are now crossing the barriers, not only of Italy, but of Rome itself. Henceforth all will be smooth and easy for you; in one, or at the most, two battles, you will be masters of the capital and stronghold of Italy."

Certainly, if quick initial victories were a guarantee of ultimate victory in war, Hannibal would have had good cause for boasting. The Carthaginians were obviously superior to the Romans in equipment, arms and military leadership; the only things in which the Romans were superior were time and resources. The Romans, as Fabius saw, could afford to wait; Hannibal could not. After the disaster of Cannae, however, it must have seemed even to many Romans who were not defeatists that Hannibal had kept his promise of a shortish decisive war. Rome was shaken with terror. "Never before, while the city itself was still safe, had there been such excitement and panic within its walls. . . Certainly, there is no other nation that would not have surrendered under such a weight of calamity."

It is rather interesting to learn that, even in this hour of triumph, the admirable Hanno refused to join in the general exultation at Carthage. "Have the Romans," he asked, "sent envoys to Hannibal to sue for peace? Has any rumour reached your ears of any one even mentioning the word 'peace' at Rome?" The patriots had reluctantly to answer "No." "Well, then," he said, "we have as much work before us as we had on the day when Hannibal first set foot in Italy. Many of us are still alive who can remember with what changeful fortunes the first Punic War was fought. Never did our cause appear to be prospering more by sea and land than immediately before the consulship of C. Lutatius and A. Postumius. But in their year of office we were utterly defeated off the Ægates . . . I do not think we are concerned with sending supplies to a victorious army, much less do I consider that they ought to be sent if we are being deluded with false and empty hopes." The Carthaginians brushed all this aside, however. "They fancied that if they were willing to make a slight effort the war would soon be over."

As every schoolboy knows, but as I learned in a reference book, the war lasted fifteen years longer, proving that Hanno was a better prophet, if not a better soldier, than Hannibal. Time, resources, and Scipio fought for the Romans, and even superb military genius was, in the end, no match for these.

Hannibal, indeed, made the common mistake of underrating the enemy, his character and staying power. No doubt, he regarded the Romans as generally unpopular, slack, and, compared with his own troops, unwarlike. Probably, he thought Rome's day was over. The idea that such and such a nation's day is over is another illusion that has often in the past proved dangerous. England's day was supposed to be over after her defeat by the American colonists. "The defeat of England," says Mr. H. A. L. Fisher in his *History of Europe*, "engendered a general belief that the history of the English was wound up. The Parliament of Westminster was compared to the Diet of Warsaw, the factions of English political life to the ruinous dissensions of the Poles. That England's sun had set was the firm belief of rulers so powerful and intelligent as Frederick of Prussia, Catherine of Russia, and Joseph of Austria . . . Proceeding upon a gross underestimate of its adversary's power, revolutionary France, as imperialist Germany in our own time, was destined to receive a serious shock." Germany in 1914, indeed, seems to have made Hannibal's two major mistakes—underrating the enemy and yielding to the illusion of the possibility of a short decisive war.

It seems to me that in a wise world, any statesman, before he is appointed to high office, should be compelled to pass an examination in history and to show that his mind is free from the two great illusions that have brought such catastrophe to nations and to millions of men, women and children. If Hannibal had studied calmly even the history of the first Punic War, he could scarcely have embarked so ardently on the second. He was obviously a fervid patriot, who longed to be the saviour of his people: he would have shrunk with horror from the prospect of becoming the destroyer of his people. He undoubtedly inflicted numberless miseries on the hated Romans, but at what a cost to the Carthaginians! On the day on which Carthage was razed to the ground, it might have been truthfully said: "This is the work, not of the Romans, but of Hannibal." Hannibal, indeed, was a dangerous enemy to his enemies, but an infinitely more dangerous enemy to his friends. If any leader in Europe to-day believes in the possibility of a short, decisive war, he should be sent a copy of Livy, in which he could read the story of the tragic illusion of Hannibal. Carthage won quick victories, but Rome won the slow victory. Much the same thing, I fancy, would happen to-day if a leader as self-confident or unwise as Hannibal made war on powerful democratic nations with time and resources on their side. Y. Y.

CHRISTIANS IN ADVERSITY

The Annual Conference of the Student Christian Movement is an impressive affair. Here are some 700 people, representing 22 different nations. The bulk are theological students, but parsons are present in considerable numbers, and there is a good sprinkling of missionaries. There are also plenty of students not theological, but professing Christians who are not yet old enough to have given up the attempt to practise what they profess.

It is an odd experience in 1938 to find oneself, as a non-Christian, regarded as something of a curiosity; to see people drawing one another aside to whisper in accents of blended awe and disapprobation, "He's an agnostic, he is"; to be snapshotted as a theological monstrosity by young ladies . . .

The dominating impression was of decent people trying hard to do their best in a world which is becoming increasingly hostile to the creed they profess. "Their best" is, however, on occasion rather surprising. Consider, for example, the reaction of the modern young Christian to the present deplorable condition of the world. Speaking on Man's Need, Canon Raven drew a graphic picture of contemporary Europe; of its economic system which permits the poverty and misery of the many to be outraged by the luxury and arrogance of the few; of its competing nations which, professing to follow Christ, are devoting all their savings to perfecting their preparations for slaughtering their fellow human beings. Things are happening to-day on the Continent—Canon Raven instanced more particularly the situation in Vienna—which give the lie to the suggestion that man is improving in respect of the specifically human qualities of kindliness and reasonableness, and bring forcibly before us the doctrine of man's innate sinfulness. It is, indeed, impossible not to remark the contrast between the hopes of the nineteenth century and the facts of the twentieth. The nineteenth century looked forward to the federation of nations; we are accustoming ourselves to the notion of their natural enmity. The nineteenth century believed that men would one day lay down their arms and become brothers; it seems now that they are much more likely to become murderers. The nineteenth century believed in man's progress; we look forward to the possibility of his suicide.

Our present predicament was invoked by the writer as evidence of the inefficaciousness of moral exhortation. From a hundred thousand pulpits, in a million sermons, I pointed out, men have been exhorted to be kind and gentle, to cultivate meekness, not to advance their own interests at the expense of others, to repay evil with good, to think more of their neighbours than of themselves, and of God more than either their neighbours or themselves, to set their thoughts not on earthly things, but on heavenly, with the result that, after two thousand years of this treatment, the behaviour and standards of value of the crowds of modern Ealing are not fundamentally different from those of ancient Athens. From which, I concluded, we must deduce that the recipe for the production of moral virtue has not been discovered; we simply do not know how to make human beings better. At the moment they are so very far from being better that we can only conclude that the devil has got loose in the world, either because God cannot stop him, or because, in pursuance of some inscrutable purpose of the divine, he has been accorded a longer rope than usual.

The situation having been diagnosed, the audience proceeded to commentary and, one would have supposed, to remedy; but, surprisingly, there was no attempt at remedy. One after another young men arose to concur in the diagnosis. Yes, it was all quite true; but did it, after all, so very much matter? "For what," they said in effect, "do you expect? The notion that Christianity is a humanitarian or an ethical religion is fallacious. Christianity is a transcendental religion. It is not concerned to make a heaven of this world, but to prepare man for heaven in the next; and that he may be so prepared, he must suffer. This world, then, is first and foremost a place of preparation. This being so, we are not entitled to expect much good from our life here, and we should not be surprised if little good is forthcoming. Is this generation bent on its own destruction? Then let it destroy itself. Its destruction is only a fitting punishment for its sin, and it is not the business of Christians to interfere with that punishment. On the contrary, our business is to achieve salvation. Provided that we 'put ourselves right with God,' we can let the world go hang. If the world rejects Christ, so much the worse for the world, but really it is not our affair."

The position is a curious one. The following question was recently set in an examination paper for young Chinese philosophers: "When the philosopher Mo-Ti taught that war is wicked, Chinese soldiers laid down their arms. The same doctrine is taught by the Christian Church, but has not had the same effect in the Christian countries. Explain the reason for this difference." I must confess that, until I went to Swanwick, I should have found difficulty in answering this question, but now I see that I should have been justified in giving as a reason for the difference that the Christian churches do not expect their teaching to be followed; nor, apparently, are they distressed when it is not followed. The position is, I repeat, curious. Yet it is, I was told, fairly common among the young. The young have been widely influenced by Karl Barth—the names of Karl Barth and Niebuhr were continually bandied about at the Conference—and although the escapism with which it seems to me the attitude can justifiably be charged was said to be a one-sided development of Barth's teaching, it is, nevertheless, one at least of its implications. In pursuance of this attitude the Christians of the German Confessional Church have, I was told, rejected offers of help from their brethren here, on the ground that it is meet that the Church should "take what is coming to it" as a punishment for its worldliness and its sins.

That it is not only the young who subscribe to what I have called an escapist attitude was sufficiently demonstrated by an address from Canon Quick. The pessimism by which so many Christians are pervaded was, he declared, due to a false diagnosis, a diagnosis to the effect that what is really wrong with the world is its misery and pain. This diagnosis springs from a nineteenth-century heresy, the heresy that well-being or happiness is the goal for man. If this is so, then the absence of well-being is clearly man's evil. Tempted by the power which science has won for him, modern man commits again the sin of the Titans and tries to make himself equal with God and his dwelling-place even as God's; he tries, in other words, to build a heaven upon earth. Such a heaven comes inevitably to be represented as a place furnished with a plenitude of goods, and the state of its inhabitants as that of the enjoyers of great possessions. Such was the general doctrine of the nineteenth century, a doctrine which finds its apotheosis in Marxism.

For this doctrine Christianity holds no warrant. The traditional Christian view is that the fundamental evil of man is not pain, but sin; the fundamental good is not happiness, but love. Man being born in sin can never become perfect, nor can he ever expect much happiness upon earth. No state of society achieved on earth can, therefore, be intrinsically very good, and by consequence no disruption of society can ever be intrinsically very bad. We only *think* the present bad and *find* the future terrifying because we refer them to the "happiness" scale of values. The doctrine affords a certain grim consolation, bidding us not to worry overmuch over earthly things, since, by the Christian standard, which is the true standard, earthly things are not important. If we are not happy, we are not to expect happiness, and if we look upon our present ills as God's punishment for our presumption, we shall not be far wrong.

I suppose the tendency of Christianity has always been to find consolation in the brightness of man's future for the blackness of his present. Still, as one who has always looked forward to a millennium in which all the heads will be hard, all the hearts warm, and all the pillows soft, I could not help feeling a little pensive. Is Christianity, I wonder, really entitled so blithely to cut the cable that binds man to his lot in this world?

I found my doubt echoed by the older men. They viewed this new emphasis upon the transcendental side of Christianity with suspicion. The leaders of the Student Christian Movement are still, for the most part, militant Christian workers, keenly alive to the anomalies of our present social system which they conceive it to be the business of Christianity to try to put to rights, and prepared to take seriously Christ's teaching on the subject of non-resistance. In other words, they are mostly Left-wing Socialists and pacifists. Pacifism, I am told, is making great headway in the Church. In a diocese of 240 parsons in the north of England 80, I was assured, are avowedly pacifist, and in the next war will refuse to bless the guns. The trouble is that the average Left-wing parson tends to be in advance of his flock. If he gives expression to Socialist or pacifist sentiments, his congregation is apt to go elsewhere. The backwardness of the laity bears more heavily upon the advanced Free Church minister, who is partly dependent upon his congregation for his stipend, than upon the endowed Church of England man. But since all the Socialist and pacifist parsons to whom I talked were of the opinion that, if the Church of England were ever to come alive again, it must cut its connection with the State—an opinion widely held was that Disestablishment might well result from the next war—it is possible that advanced Anglican and Free Church ministers may well find themselves in the same financial boat. Being an old-fashioned Socialist myself, I could not help feeling that these radical parsons, modernist in theology and reformist in politics, were in the right of it, and there are, I believe, more of them than there used to be. There are, indeed, so many, that I am inclined to think the old jibe, "For God's sake don't touch the Church of England, it is the only thing that stands between us and Christianity," has lost some at least of its force.

C. E. M. JOAD

Correspondence

MR. NOYES AND VOLTAIRE

SIR,—Mr. Noyes has protested to Cardinal Hinsley:

> that no submission can have any value when the free will of the author was completely eliminated by the procedure which had already been taken. For as yet he is not even told what he is expected to cut out, or what is this which he is to add "equivalent to a reparation."

He pleads that, so far as he knows, not "any English man of letters of any standing . . . has had such an order addressed to him in such terms." That, however, is the crux of the whole matter. Roman Canon Law explicitly lays down that no nation can plead exemption: wherever its commands conflict with the law of any land, they claim prior obedience. Why should any English man of letters, whose conscience has led him to the Roman Catholic Church, expect exemption from the Roman obedience? Mr. Noyes claims that this particular matter is a political job; that he has been condemned by Italians who have misunderstood his character and his aims. Yet, if he had studied with sufficient care in history and in his own Canon Law, he would have realised eleven years ago, that his formal commitments must necessarily be precisely such as he now resents.

The convert is called upon, very rightly, to make a solemn declaration of adherence and loyalty, in words drawn up at the Council of Trent and ratified by Pius IV (1564). In this he accepts "the Creed used by the Holy Roman Church" and swears obedience to "the Roman Pontiff." It is an interesting testimony to the longevity of interested falsehoods that educated people should still be found who describe the term "Roman Catholic" as "an erroneous prefix which originated in a [British] Government tag," in contradistinction to "Anglo-Catholic." It was one of Cardinal Gasparri's main indictments against Lord Strickland that "He exerted himself in every way to violate Article I of the Constitution of Malta, which reads: 'The religion of Malta is the Roman Catholic Apostolic Religion,' proposing that the word 'Roman' should be suppressed. Thus it was evident he could only disgust and offend the Catholics, for whom the word 'Roman' was precisely the expression which distinguished the Catholic religion from all other Christian confessions." For a thousand years the term *Ecclesia Romana* has constantly been used in official language. The Holy Office (in the words of the official Index to the Code of Canon Law) is presided over by "the Roman Pontiff." Its immense powers of censorship are enumerated in Canon 247 of that Code. None of the faithful, not even a layman, may publish, without previous approval of the Censor, any book on "Theology, Church History, Canon Law, Natural Theology, Ethics, or other religious and moral subjects of this kind." (C. 1385 § 2) Mr. Noyes imagined himself freed from this duty, so explicitly stated in Canon Law, by making a pact with "a Catholic firm." He continues: "I asked if it would be necessary to secure an imprimatur, and I was solemnly assured that for a book of this kind it was absolutely unnecessary." Yet, directly it came to the test, he found "that a secret 'denouncer' was able to strike a foul blow in a way that destroys the elementary laws and decencies of human society." Or, as he puts it again, he was "at the mercy of a single individual."

Yet, after all, Mr. Noyes should have known that he had no business to study Voltaire at all without special permission. By express authority of the present Pope, in 1929, a new edition of the *Index of Prohibited Books* appeared with a preface by Cardinal Merry del Val. Page xiv of that preface rehearses that Canon 1385 of the Code which has so clearly laid down the layman's restrictions; and page xxx explains that it is the duty of the Holy Office to enforce this. The Preface rehearses how unlicensed Bible-reading leads to "sarcasms and cheap insults against the Roman Catholic Church"—*la Chiesa cattolica Romana*" (XII). It reminds the faithful that they are forbidden to read (*a*) whole classes of books, including even the original Bible text in Hebrew and Greek, if published by a non-Catholic, and (*b*) "books by any non-Catholic writer whatsoever, if they treat of religion *ex professo*, unless it be certain that they contain nothing against the Catholic faith" (XVII). Finally, there is a list of some 4,000 books which Rome explicitly condemns by name, with full bibliographical references. It is a list which takes one's breath away, as published at this stage of the world's history by an able and enlightened Pope who won his first fame as keeper of a great library. Each book thus named "is forbidden throughout the world, and in every translation." (1396) "The Ordinaries [in most cases, the Bishop of the Diocese], may grant permission to their subjects only for single books, and exclusively in urgent cases." (1402) Among the books thus denied to the faithful are Montaigne's *Essays*, Taine's *History of English Literature*, and Larousse's *Grand Dictionnaire Universel*, which is the natural book of reference for every Editor's cabinet or printing-house. In England, even this latest Index still forbids works, (and often the principal works) of Bacon, Sir Thomas Browne, Gibbon, Lord Acton, Locke, Andrew Lang, J. S. Mill, Hobbes, and Berkeley. Moral questions cannot here be the deciding factor; for Richardson is condemned while Fielding and *Tristram Shandy* go scot-free. Moreover, Rabelais and Boccaccio have now been removed from the black list; and there is no longer need for that edition of the *Decameron*, published under the auspices of Pius V and the Council of Trent in 1573, and accessible in the British Museum, where the indecencies are retained, but are shifted from the shoulders of clerical sinners to laymen. Indeed, we have only to turn the pages at random; everywhere we ask ourselves whether this solemn official volume was compiled in and for this world of ours, or in and for the moon.

True, this *Index* is practically ignored throughout the English-speaking world, just as Mr. Noyes's publishers ignored the plain and easily-accessible provisions of Canon Law. But the reason pleaded for this, a few years ago, by Cardinal Vaughan's semi-official *Tablet*, is even more significant than the fact itself. The plea runs: "No one who looks upon the face of Christendom to-day can fail to note that there exists a clearly marked difference between the whole set of social and political circumstances which obtain in the various countries of the Continent": or, again: "in Italy and the Continent generally." The contrast is, in fact, roughly true; but why should it not be officially acknowledged? These English-speaking writers who now ignore the prohibitions of the Index as men ignored the Volstead Law, or who trust to bootlegging methods, can plead no justification which would be publicly acknowledged by the authorities. Their practice rests upon just that sort of "understanding" which notoriously betrayed Newman at a crucial moment. Yet the present catastrophe is not only natural but, in the long run, almost inevitable. If Mr. Noyes had coolly measured his commitments when he swore to the Creed of Pope Pius IV, he would now say to himself in the words not of Voltaire but of Molière, "Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin, tu l'as voulu!" Everything that has happened has been according to rule. The Holy Office acts not occasionally, but regularly and deliberately, on the reports of unnamed denunciators; and it does not explain, but command. The only anomaly is that here, for once, it has come into collision with a literary man of distinction, sensitively conscious of his own individuality and popularity, and empowered by British law and social customs to say exactly what he thinks without danger to life or person.

G. G. COULTON

SIR,—In your note on "Mr. Noyes and the Vatican," you say: "The Catholic Church is more indulgent than is sometimes supposed in the freedom of reading it allows to its adherents." Will you permit one who, for twelve years, was a member of a religious order, to suggest that there is a misconception underlying this statement? Here in England, thanks to the efforts of generations of Protestants and agnostics, "liberalism with a small 'l' has become the very lifeblood of our intellectual existence," and Catholics, living here *in partibus infidelium* enjoy the benefit of this hard-won freedom. Father (now Monsignor) Knox, for example, referred to the *Index* (in his book *Difficulties*, p. 223) as if it did not place any serious restriction on an English reader. But to the thoroughgoing Ultramontane this is rank heresy. Compare Cardinal Hinsley's appreciation of Mr. Noyes's work on Voltaire with the shocked abhorrence expressed by Cardinal Sheratti.

The libraries of the various colleges I was stationed at in England contained not only works by Voltaire but (to confine the matter to French literature) Montaigne, Pascal's *Provinciales*, Rousseau, Montesquieu, and, amongst others, more modern writers such as Stendhal, Balzac, Dumas, Victor Hugo, Taine, Michelet and Sainte-Beuve (all of them on the *Index*); yet, despite their condemnation by the Holy Office, I had, as far as I remember, no difficulty in getting, and certainly was conscious of no scruple in reading and enjoying them. I never came across a copy of the *Index*, and was scarcely aware of its existence. When, however, I was transferred to a monastery in the south of Spain and tried to pursue my desultory reading, I not only found that Don Quixote's barber and curate had been at work and that the shelves were empty of such books, but I was told that to want such heretical pabulum showed that I was little better than a *Liberál*—term of abuse which anyone who has ever listened to a Spanish sermon will recognise as one that (pronounced always with a ferocious accent on the last syllable and coupled almost invariably with the scarcely more vituperative *infernál*) is taken to connote the very lowest depth of depravity.

HAROLD BINNS

21 East Avenue,
Bournemouth.

INDIANS IN ENGLAND

SIR,—Most readers of Dr. Edward Thompson's admirable letter will be able to supply illustrations to it. Here are two out of my own experience—the first nearly thirty years old, the second recent.

In the first case, I was meeting some Indian friends who were arriving in England for the first time, and I booked rooms for them at a Bloomsbury Hotel where I was then a constant visitor. When we drove up, the management saw the colour of my friends' faces, and refused to let them in. Perhaps I should have made a scene, but I should have had to reveal what had happened, so I murmured to them that I had made a muddle, and hustled them on elsewhere.

In the second case, two young Indians, one of them the son of a friend, went to a smart hotel in South Kensington, and asked for rooms. Luckily, or rather unluckily, their faces were the same colour as the reception clerk's, that is to say pallid, so they received the normal commercial welcome and were asked to register.

They signed the hotel-book, left their luggage in the hall, and went to a theatre. They returned late to find their luggage still in the hall. The night-porter refused to carry it up, and told them that they must go next morning, since their rooms would be wanted. They thought the establishment had gone mad; then they realised that the reception clerk had seen their Indian names in the hotel-book, and was repairing his initial blunder. They spent most of the night sitting on their beds, and left without eating the breakfasts for which they were charged.

However, one must not be unjust to hotel-managers. They are a timid rather than an insolent class. Left to themselves, they would doubtless receive anyone who looked to have money, but they are afraid of one of their other clients objecting. Why are they afraid? Why, in England, does the cad always manage to call the tune? The man who makes a row about Indians in a restaurant or hotel is usually some blustering lecher who is wanting to show off in front of his pick-up. Why does the management not tell him to go to hell?

This hotel question should be distinguished from the general question of inter-racial relationships. Indians do not (as is sometimes fondly imagined) go to a hotel because they want social intercourse with members of the Ruling Race. They go because they want board and lodging—commodities which the hotel professes to supply, and which it has no right to withhold from any respectable applicant. E. M. FORSTER

Reform Club, S.W.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE

SIR,—Dame Edith Lyttelton is quite right that in this country national institutions have often to come into being through private effort. In the realm of the theatre the Vic-Wells organisation is an example of this. Now I can conceive of a National Theatre on lines which could attempt projects which are beyond the scope of the Vic-Wells. I should welcome and support this. But on the scale contemplated by the sponsors what can the new National Theatre do that the Vic-Wells is not doing already? A third theatre in Kensington, allied to those in Islington and the Waterloo Road, would be a valuable addition and well placed. Of the objects and advantages of a competitive institution on the same or a smaller scale I have not yet heard, though ready to hear, a convincing account.

The force of Dame Edith's plea to the authorities for a gift of Crown Land in Regent's or Hyde Park which "has been diligently explored and definitely proved impossible" may have been weakened by the fact that she herself was evidently not in favour of it.

There are already a number of *enclaves* within those areas which do not spoil them and, indeed, add to their variety. Londoners will be hard to please if they are jealous of an encroachment of a People's Palace for the refreshment of mind and body, able to accommodate plays, opera, ballet and the choric drama of the future, both on a large scale and on a small, in a noble building, accessible, perhaps, from the new tunnel through the Park proposed in the Bressey Report. Alternatively, it might occupy what is now largely a waste area, rising, let us suppose, above a café a hundred yards along on a terraced front by the south side of the river somewhere between Westminster and Waterloo Bridge. Are we, alone of ages, countries and civilisations, to leave no national monument behind us, except perhaps a bomb-proof shelter—and even about that our careful Government seems to hesitate. J. M. KEYNES

Tilton, Firle, Lewes

SIR,—Mr. J. M. Keynes's letter in your issue of August 13th contains a suggestion which is very welcome to all of us who have the cause of the National Theatre at heart. But he does not say how the Government is to be persuaded to hand over a piece of Hyde Park or Regent's Park to the Trustees of the National Theatre. Nor does he suggest how access should be obtained to the theatre when the Parks are closed in the evening. Even the most sanguine of us could hardly expect the Parks to be kept open all night for our especial benefit.

To my mind, one of the outstanding advantages of the South Kensington site is that not only is it easily accessible, but people arriving and leaving will not be subjected to the discomforts of theatreland in the rush hours, discomforts which have more to do with keeping people away from the theatre than almost any other cause. The popularity of the cinema is largely due to the fact that one can enter it and leave it when one likes, and without being involved in a clamouring crowd.

41 Carlyle Square, VYVYAN HOLLAND
Chelsea, S.W.3.

JEWISH REFUGEES

SIR,—Mr. Metcalfe at the Old Bailey is prominently reported to have said that the way Jewish refugees are pouring into this country from Germany is an outrage, that he intends "to enforce the law to the fullest . . . to punish sternly aliens coming into this country illegally. It is not merely a question of taking them by the scruff of the neck and throwing them out." That is to say, not content with refusing hospitality or refuge as brutally as possible to these helpless victims of persecution, Mr. Metcalfe proposes also to turn them from homeless wanderers into registered criminals. Yet for their oppressors this magistrate has no word of condemnation.

Does Mr. Metcalfe perchance subscribe to the teachings of Christianity? One hesitates even in a Christian country to remind him of those teachings, much less to suggest that he direct his gaze for one moment to the figure of its originator.

But one may surely remind him that when those who administer the law earn the contempt of all humane citizens, the law itself falls in great danger of sharing that contempt, which is important.

118 Adelaide Road, ARNOLD AUERBACH
Hampstead, N.W.3.

DIVORCE ACT

SIR,—I much appreciated Mr. A. P. Herbert's most interesting letter, but while fully realising the difficulty of the position, I hope I can persuade him that a simple amendment is all that is required.

The amendment which I suggest is that where a separation order has been made in a Court of Summary Jurisdiction, such order shall be deemed to be desertion for the purpose of Clause 2 (b) of the Act (and therefore grounds for a divorce after three years of such "desertion") provided that the Court shall not be bound to grant a decree if at the hearing of the proceedings the respondent makes a *bona fide* offer to resume cohabitation with the petitioner and the Court is satisfied that it would be in the interest of the parties that such cohabitation should be resumed.

I do not see how such an amendment could possibly be considered a step in the direction of divorce by consent as Mr. Herbert suggests. If the Court exercises its discretion in favour of the respondent and refuses to grant a decree, it will be in effect deciding that the magistrates were wrong in making a non-cohabitation order, but it seems proper that the High Court of Justice should be permitted to reconsider an order made by a Court of Summary Jurisdiction. In the event of the High Court exercising its discretion in the respondent's favour, the respondent could then return to the Court of Summary Jurisdiction and apply for the separation order to be revoked on the grounds that a Higher Court was satisfied that it was desirable for cohabitation to be resumed.

We know that magistrates have made many wrong non-cohabitation orders in the past, and will probably continue to do so in the future, but is not this a reasonable way in which to surmount the difficulty.

I do not believe that this amendment could be considered to be "driving a large wedge into the general principles of the law." At the present time a Court of Summary Jurisdiction has power to revoke a maintenance order if the applicant satisfies the Court that he is genuinely anxious to resume cohabitation. Why should not the High Court be given a similar discretion in divorce proceedings?

I have read with much interest the reports of the proceedings in Standing Committee to which Mr. Herbert refers, but the amendment which I have suggested was not apparently considered

30 St. Ann Street, Manchester. J. E. ALLEN-JONES

FOOD FOR SPAIN

SIR,—May I have the courtesy of the use of your paper for suggesting the following scheme.

Motorists taking cars to France may be glad to know of a method of helping the civilian sufferers in Republican Spain.

For my fortnight's holiday this year I decided to take my car over to France. In the month or so prior to my going abroad I collected from my friends gifts of drugs, dressings, soap and infant foods for the inmates of the hospitals and refugee centres in Barcelona. Friends who could not give me goods gave me money with which I bought urgent medical necessities.

With these packages all weighed and valued I loaded up my car and after having complied with all the necessary regulations for carrying such things to France I drove from London, crossed the Channel and drove to the Spanish frontier at Le Perthus.

A Spaniard from the Public Assistance headquarters in Barcelona met me at the frontier and with his help I was able to drive right on and deliver my goods directly to the workers in Barcelona.

In the ordinary way goods could be handed over at Perthus to the recognised official ambulances and refugee food lorries and taken on into Spain.

Anyone wishing to have full details of this scheme should write to me, c/o National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief.

4 Gt. Smith Street, London, S.W.1. GRACE GRIFFITH

SARDANA RECORDS

SIR,—I have just brought back from Barcelona six very beautiful unused Sardana records. These are quite unprocurable in England and are rapidly becoming so in Spain; they were given me by the Catalan Propaganda Office to use in my campaign to help refugees in Spain. I am working to raise money for food for a farm colony that the Catalan Government is starting for boys between the ages of fourteen, when they leave school, and seventeen, when they begin their military training. There are so many boys who have lost contact with their families, and it is important to rescue them from vagabondage and turn them into useful and healthy citizens.

I shall be pleased to give further particulars to anyone interested.

I am asking 15s. each for the records.

Cauldwell Hall, Ipswich. (MISS) H. M. VULLIAMY

THE ENGLISH CLERGYMAN

SIR,—As a parson, I was naturally very interested in Mr. Garnett's review of *Kilvert's Diary* in your current issue. His statement that the present-day clergyman is "unhappy and apologetic" particularly took my attention. I think there is some truth in what he says. When I was in my first curacy, I was amazed to hear my then Rural Dean say that he would not have been a parson if he had had his time over again. And all the clergy present seemed to agree, except me. Perhaps, I thought to myself, I am just enjoying the novelty of the position after being for eight years in a London city office. But the strange thing is that I'm still glad I'm a parson after four years. It can't still be the novelty of it, surely, that keeps me going.

Are we useless? People in this part of England, at any rate, still seem to want to be visited. People who hardly ever come to church seem to appreciate a call. And when they do come to church, they all seem glad they've been.

Are we unhappy? I know of no joy which can compare with that of preparing and preaching sermons, when one knows one has a message.

A new type of parson is needed. For the man who simply tries to be a friend of everyone he meets, there awaits a wonderful response. We still can gain people's affection, and isn't that worth more than the "special smile" the Victorian parson enjoyed? I admit there is one thing which sometimes worries me. It is the danger of getting dull and narrow mentally, especially in so quiet a corner of rural England. But I make bold to believe that whilst I remain a regular reader of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, I have little to fear in that respect!

22 Caswell Crescent, C. P. GOSLIN
Leominster.

MYSTERY OF VERSAILLES

SIR,—The heading "Demolition of 'An Adventure'" to Mr. Joad's review of *The Mystery of Versailles* in your issue of the 13th struck me as inappropriate, even insulting, to a plain account of a personal experience by two women who were so surprised at their own experiences that they hesitated to make them public, and, when they did so, were careful to make clear (in the first instance) that they built no theory upon the experience related.

The fact of the two women having, as Mr. Joad says, "trained minds," does not of course preclude the possibility of their being self-deceived by a predilection for the supernatural: most intellectual people seem to have streaks of credulity. But is it not improbable that women with such a streak should be able to hide it so completely and, by a super-subtle artist instinct, present their story without its appearing in the very texture thereof (as it usually does), and with, instead, such an obvious care for accuracy? But Mr. Joad says Mr. Sturge Whiting's reasons "turn entirely on the investigation of points of detail." Two of these he instances I find unconvincing. Even if Mr. Sturge Whiting was unable to detect with a microscope features in Miqué's map which the writers believed they saw, is not the fact that they saw a ravine on the first occasion which they afterwards found did not exist the important point? And as to the alleged improbability of their being able to recall, after seven years, the exact shade of a dress . . . well, both Mr. Joad and Mr. Sturge Whiting are *men!* Even so, I should have expected Mr. Joad to know that the shade of colour of an object in a scene which impressed the imagination at the time (even in a dream) would be likely to be remembered *exactly*, whenever the scene was recalled, up to any length of time, as an integral part of the scene.

Mr. Sturge Whiting admits that "An Adventure" has the ring of truth: Mr. Joad finds Mr. Sturge Whiting's method not "entirely convincing," but his view in accordance with his own preconception of the antecedent improbability of the theory of retrocognition. But while the antecedent probability of retrocognition may be so small that we, in Mr. Joad's words, "have quite rightly the disposition to strain every intellectual nerve to secure its rejection," yet surely the antecedent probability of there being more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of at any given time is so great that we cannot afford to reject any honestly given evidence of the unusual. My point is that even if, when they took to research, the women's zeal led them to stretch a point of detail here and there to fit a whole which they thought they saw emerging, their original experience is not disqualified from being a valuable piece of evidence, and that we should hesitate to reject it lest we make the mistake of throwing out the baby with the bath.

72 Westbourne Terrace, LILIAN RAWLINGS
W.2.

BRACES

SIR,—I was very interested to read in your last issue Y.Y.'s discussion of the urgent problem of braces. This is a matter which has interested me for some time, and should, I think, be brought to the notice of Mass-Observers. Might I mention that there is scriptural authority for the wearing of both belt and braces, in Ecclesiastes iv, 9–10:

> Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labour.
>
> For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up.

8 Brondesbury Court,
Willesden Lane, N.W.2. BERNARD LEWIS

Miscellany

COUNTRY NOTES

Between Two Seasons

SUMMER is still here officially, but subtle hints have already been thrown out by its successor among the seasons. There comes a morning, always, at this time of year when one awakes to the realisation that one's knees and the tip of one's nose are unexpectedly cold, and, still drowsy, scrabbles to regain the blankets one had flung off during the earlier part of the night; then, aroused to full consciousness, leaps from bed to gaze out of the window. What has happened? The familiar summer aspect has changed. A faint white mist hangs between the trees, a chill dampness soaks the hollyhocks. A few pallid sunbeams struggle through the mist. There is dew upon the grass, and diamond spider-webs along the hedges. For the first time one notices that the apples out in the orchard are beginning to redden.

A couple of hours later all this is forgotten, and summer reigns again as though her sway had never been threatened. The sunbeams have won the victory over the insidious white mist, and in the hot, broad day the grass is again warm to the touch, the hedges dry enough to rustle under the weight of a bird. The adders have come out to sun themselves upon the stone. The long mauve tassels of the buddleias are smothered with butterflies and bees. From a distance comes the whirr of a reaper, most summery of sounds, as the noble wheat falls sadly and gracefully in widening bands. The brief ghostly apparition of autumn has gone, but we know that any morning now it may be renewed.

Eels

On summer evenings it is pleasant to sit by the lake, watching the electric-blue dragon-flies quivering over the rushes while the sun declines and the big trout leap a foot out of the water. The stillness is broken by their splash and by the distressful cry of the moorhens, but these natural sounds leave the other inhabitants of the waterside untroubled. If you keep very still, the confidence which your arrival faintly disturbed will soon be re-established and a vole will scramble from the water almost at your feet. It gives a peculiar sense of intimacy with nature to realise that your presence is accepted without fear by the small and vulnerable creatures of bank and wood and to watch them going unalarmed about their normal business.

On such evenings, earlier in the year, you might almost hope to see an elver making its way over the damp grass from the ocean to the lake, a sight, it is said (I do not know with what truth), that no man has ever been privileged to witness. Eels, as everyone knows, are creatures of curious habits; the Bermudas are not remote to them, and you may take it that the sinuous creature of our native ponds is probably better-travelled than many humans. It must be very tiring to be so constituted that one has to swim several thousands of miles in order to find sufficient depth of water in which to arrive at sexual maturity. A hundred fathoms of pressure is, I believe, the minimum necessary. But why the resulting elvers should then return to the haunts from which their parents had come, or should themselves obey the urge to seek the depths of the Caribbean in the fullness of time, is a mystery which none can answer.

All we know is that the little eels arrive, small and diaphanous, and are well-advised to avoid the cities of Bath and Bristol, where they run the risk of being made into elver cakes. The town of Melun is no place for them either, for Rabelais asserts that the eels of Melun screamed before being skinned alive. The eel, in fact, does not seem to meet with much human sympathy; even the common sayings about him are disobliging. I wish, however, that we used his adjective more generally: "An eely man" seems to me an excellently descriptive expression.

Eels in Italy

Sitting by the Lake of Garda one evening after dinner, I observed a fishing boat about to leave the little harbour, and hailing the men I asked whether I might accompany them. A lantern hung at the prow, and under a great dim sail we very slowly drifted away from the shore. It was already dark; the vague shapes of men bent over their gear, silently setting things in order. A figure squatting in the prow motioned to me to come beside him; I saw then that he held a pronged spear-like weapon in his hand, and that between his knees crouched a little boy, ready and eager to unhook the lantern. At a signal he swung it overboard, and we peered down into the incredibly clear green depths of the water. It may have been deceptive, but I should have said we looked down through at least twenty feet of water so pellucid that the pebbles lying on the bottom were plainly visible. Not pebbles only, but droves of fish that darted by, and, under the fish, long coiling shapes that seemed almost somnolent compared with those quick-moving midgets. The man with the spear poised his weapon; the little boy with the lantern cautiously lowered it until the light almost touched the surface. The coiling shapes writhed uneasily, and as they writhed, separating slightly from one another, the man with the spear struck. He struck with a gesture of singular beauty and precision, a gesture which in the fraction of a minute suggested all the centuries during which men, similarly armed, had struck down into those very waters. The dripping spear came up triumphantly, the snake-like victim impaled upon its prongs; the little boy, excited but businesslike, sprang to disengage it from the barb. It was flung into the well of the boat, but the spearman had already lost interest and, with his dark little acolyte again lowering the lantern, was once more gazing down into the glaucous transparency.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

THE TRAVELLER

HOLDING the distance up before his face,
And standing under the peculiar tree,
He seeks the hostile unfamiliar place,
It is the strangeness that he tries to see

Of lands where he will not be asked to stay;
And fights with all his powers to be the same,
The one who loves another far away,
And has a home and wears his father's name.

Yet he and his are always the Expected:
The harbours touch him as he leaves the steamer,
The soft, the sweet, the Easily-Accepted;

The cities hold his feeling like a fan;
And crowds make room for him without a murmur,
As the earth has patience with the life of man.

W. H. AUDEN

THE PRICE OF FRIENDSHIP

THE two young men were finishing the long day's mowing, stooping low with their scythes and leaving green waves that climbed the hillside and broke here and there against outcrops of grey rock. The old man had finished work and stood talking to me. I looked at the bare hillsides above, the peat bogs below us and at our feet the cut grass, coarse, short and full of weeds.

"It's a hard life in Connemara," I said, "but with your two sons to help you, I daresay you get along well enough?"

"They are good boys," he answered. "The younger one wanted to go to London to be an electrician, but we could not spare him. We are in debt as it is and it needs a lot of us to keep our heads above water. It's a hard life indeed. The worst was when the Economic War, as they called it, was upon us. I took two bullocks to market, big bullocks they were, as big as horses, and they offered me £4 for the two of them! I told them I'd rather kill them myself and kept them a year. In the end I got £8 for them. Things are better now. The Government has done a lot for the farmers."

"You are satisfied with Mr. De Valera then?" I asked.

"We are," he said, "he's been firm and steady with the English and he halved the rent for us when he stopped the annuities and we become owners of our own land in 68 years if nothing comes to change things again. And now he's got his Treaty with England I'm thinking he can reign in Ireland as long as he will. Only a few wild ones, who want a Republic and nothing less, are against him now. I'm thinking the English had to give in because they feared Ireland as a base for the aeroplanes of another Power in time of war."

"Yes," I said. "It was a case of England's danger . . ."

"Being Ireland's opportunity," he interrupted, pleased. "I've heard that before. I heard it once at a big meeting in Kenmare when the English tried to put conscription on us and I've never forgotten it. We used to go to the Church and sign a declaration that we wouldn't join up to help the English oppressors."

"And now," I said, "would the boys feel the same if there were a war, or would they want to go and help the English?"

He looked surprised for a minute. "No, of course, they'd not do that," he said. And then his face changed. "England's a friendly Power now," he said doubtfully. "Perhaps it might be different, if Mr. De Valera wanted us to help England. Perhaps the young men would go. These new forts Ireland is going to look after for herself, he'll want to man them, I suppose, for home defence? Anyway the aeroplanes would never come to a place like this, would they?" His eyes swept the green hillside and whitewashed farms dotted here and there and the black bogs where the cut turf was footed in little heaps to dry for winter burning. "They won't be finding landing places here or dropping bombs in the peat?"

"No," I said. "You're pretty safe here, I expect. It's in London we're afraid of the bombs."

"Well, did you ever hear of the prophecies of Colum Cille," he asked. "He's mostly been right. Hundreds of years ago, he talked of headless coaches and there are motors on the roads to-day. And he said the time would come when the young men would go grey and the girls lose their shame (I'm thinking, if you'll pardon me, that he was not far wrong there either) and when a traveller from the East would stand on London Bridge and look at the ruins of London."

"Maybe, he will prove right," I said, "we can't be sure yet."

"No, but can't England keep out of it? I suppose you're right. Now Ireland has got her freedom and England's a friendly country we would be in with you." His eyes grew dark with fear, as he looked at his sons, one of whom had wanted to go to London to be an electrician. And he turned on me. "Haven't we had troubles enough in Ireland, and poverty and fighting enough in Ireland? Is England's friendship worse than her enmity?" KINGSLEY MARTIN

CRUISE

WE first saw our ship standing far out in the river, dressed, but hardly titanic. Not much of a box, I thought, to carry 500 festive souls against the wild Atlantic surges. With infinite circumspection, attended by her tugs, she approached the quay. Soon her black wall was leaning above us. It was also leaning upon the embarkation stage. Something had gone a little wrong with the circumspection. Wooden baulks splintered and rose against that iron wall. Pale faces popped out of many holes in its side and looked witheringly at this unscheduled phenomenon. (I was interested in those pale faces, but I never saw them after we sailed. They were part of the works. We were not encouraged to take an interest in the works.) Strong-faced men in bowler hats strode indignantly along the quay, looked at the offending timber, made large gestures at it, and retired, having done nothing. It was like a cautionary drawing by Bateman. Nothing was done, except to my estimation of what I was in for. If our ship could do that to a lump of timber when she was being very careful not to, she might be a whale for punishment in any big aquatic fight ahead of us. That box is a strong box after all, I said as I fussed for the last time with my labels.

* * *

The assembling passengers were a rum lot. Rum, that is, to an expectation coloured by the blandishments of cruising literature. This pinched and rather anxious, paunchy and rather sedentary crowd might have been going to Margate or Bognor, or even to Newquay or Oban, but not surely to the Atlantic Isles, not for a day in a Moroccan bazaar or a night in a Lisbon cabaret? The cruising blurbs might still be radiant truth—the ship, now looming impassively to receive us, might change us in four bells to creatures of chic and lazy elegance, equally versed in the arts of deck quoits and love. These seemingly Trade Union officials and stockbrokers' clerks might throw off their drab wraps and drab expressions and become taut dark-clad figures, with faces of rocky bronze jutting out to sea. These banely mothers, these spinsters in the energetic frenzy of middle age, these typists tired under their make up, might yet murmur seductively in alcoves and twine golden limbs about the rails of decks. Time alone would show what, male and female, we were made of.

* * *

Cubically considered, every ship is a slum. A luxury cruiser is a slum in excelsis. My privacy is a seven-foot cube, airless and blind. I am deep in the bows, humbly removed by a hundred yards of alarming stairways and bewildering narrow passages from the public quarters. A nice quiet cabin where, as I lie in my narrow bunk, the throb of a steady heart beats beneath mine. The cabin noises, deep in night and water, become my friends. To a bad sailor, stretched hapless as far as possible from the centre of gravity of this tossing box, a windowless bed is a boon. I cannot see, I can only feel, the surprises of my path through space. It is better so, I think, as I wonder how the chap in the next cube is containing himself. He, poor fellow, has a porthole to show him what is happening.

How different the slum becomes in the hearty day, on deck, in the panelled and heavily decorated halls of pleasure. Here the joys of propinquity are resplendent. I am always sitting on someone else's *chaise longue*, or intercepting the flight of a quoit, or colliding with voyagers swinging seven times round the promenade, or overhearing fragments of someone's life story.

An army of smiling attendants weaves through the throng, carrying trays, rugs, chairs, information, advice and continual cheeriness. They supply everything, of the best quality, except space. And what should we want with space?

* * *

Mateyness is the note. Almost at once one's precious reserve is assaulted. This is a hotel? Of course it is, sir, but not one of those land ones where Good-morning is the high tide of expansiveness. This one is rolled heartily by the sea, and beneath your feet, God bless you, is a deck. Give an Englishman a deck, challenge him to get various objects of wood, rope or rubber over barriers and into spaces marked thereon; ask him to bet on the progress of wooden horses moved by dice, or on the day's log reading; sweep it all up at night and substitute a dance band; and down go his dearest partitions like matchboarding. For the first 24 hours the slum was a chaos of isolated units, suspiciously walking and watching and colliding. Then the vortex of mateyness began to whirl and hum. As it gathered speed, removing from these human forms their layers of stuffy clothing and stuffy looks, more and more of them got sucked in. Soon there were left on its fringe only the unredeemable oddities—the mysterious, incorruptible major; the simple soul with the peaceful, lonely face; the draughts players and the readers of philosophy; the boy whose mad eyes met you round every windy corner.

* * *

The dining hall. The alarmingly outsize menus. The food, the lavish, the tremendously various food, issuing excellently cooked from a mysterious hole in the wall and conveyed to our unaccustomed mouths by waiters who began in violet suits, changed to white at a certain latitude, and back to violet again. The twelve cereals and six marmalades for breakfast. The dishes we never dared to ask for. The paper caps we wore. The rhythms to which we masticated. The balloons we bobbed. The beef tea we drank at eleven a.m.

* * *

There was, of course, the wireless and the ship's news sheet, but our severance from Fleet Street was poignant. Why, we might never catch up to what had happened in that fortnight. It was important, we felt, to know what the dictators were up to, even if we were more than usually unable to do anything about it. At first the six o'clock news was eagerly attended. But even if you remembered how much the ship's clock had been put back and turned up to time your cravings were increasingly defeated by atmospherics as we moved south. Straining your ears to pierce the barrage of etheric musketry you thought, ah well, perhaps that's the anti-aircraft in action, and left it gloomily at that.

* * *

On deck, the ranks of *chaise-longues* are drawn up like super fauteuils before a watery stage. Day by day the theatre plugs monotonously on, a little faster than one rides a bicycle, carrying with her, between her bow- and her stern-wave, a lacy carpet of marbled foam. To-day, beyond the skyline, is Portugal, and beyond Portugal is Spain. But that drama is not for us. The lulled eye marks only the lovely, succeeding textures of blue woven between sun, air and water. The sea, empty and indifferent, is our shield. We have escaped from Spain and China. At least I suppose we have.

George, the table steward, a sandy young man with a nice smile and a roving light blue eye, will sometimes at the end of a meal lower his napkin and give us, man to man, the low-down on his end of it all. He went to sea from school and doesn't want to leave it after deserting for a year to work a beer engine. On this cruising racket you get one Friday a fortnight ashore while the ship turns round. You might do worse, you get about and see things and it comes easy to smile and look interested at guys over-enjoying themselves, once you've got the habit. And then there's the sailors' ports . . . Of course, says George, if you boiled down some of the snobs I wait on and put 'em on a plate there wouldn't be much of a meal; but we aren't always cruising.

* * *

After breakfast in the lounge Col. Attaboy puffed past, wheezing and waving: " Four masts, you'll miss her if you're not quick." But Col. Attaboy seldom has news of import, and I stopped to clean my pipe before strolling on deck. Attaboy, how right for once you were. There she was, passing a cable's length to port, a full-rigged windjammer, brown and silver, leaning and dancing on the blue and silver morning. Fool that I was, I took one look and sped to my cabin for my camera. But the modern world, with all its extensions to our five senses, sometimes over reaches itself in the apprehension of beauty. I could have seen and remembered that lovely visitant from another world as she slipped away. But when I was ready to pot her she was small and white, a mile astern, going her lonely way, all that we were not.

* * *

I had had enough of high jinks for one night; my cabin displeased me; in a mood of vague unrest I went forward. There, stumbling in the moon shadows at the mast stem among the winches and the coiled anchor ropes, I wanted a hunk of hard bread after jam and cream cakes. Immediately I got it. This was the life of the ship, the ship itself, this strong sinuous ploughing through the night waters, this rhythm of the empty deck, this tracking of the mast head against the constellations. The greedy girls and lusty boys, the gamblers, the chatterers and saxophonists, the drinkers and high jinkers, were behind me; the designers, and the builders and workers of this vessel of power stood ghostly at my side. A dim light shone at the mast, crossed and recrossed by the moon. Far out to starboard a red star came and went, whether of earth or heaven I could not tell. I crept out, a puny figurehead, to the bows. As I left the shelter of the bulwarks the cold pouring of the wind overcame me, bracing and embracing my heart.

A pair of lovers met me on my way back. They looked at me as if I were a ghost. I wished them a happy dream. I had had one myself.

* * *

Goodbye. Nothing more to worry about but the mysterious customs of the Customs. The spoils of our running warfare with the touts—the embroidery, the national costumes, the bad but how cheap cigars, the better Madeira, the handbags, the elephantine straw hats, the basket chairs—have been hidden or boldly exposed. Those tipping questions which secretly darken the last day have ended at the worst by answering themselves. Tightly packed, waiting for the gangway to go down, we assure ourselves how much better we look. Shaking hands, we scatter invitations of delicious vagueness. A perfectly marvellous time. Don't forget, don't forget. Goodbye.

BARRINGTON GATES

OTHERS ABIDE OUR QUESTIONS . . .

[With acknowledgments to the batch of school examination papers on *Hamlet* from which, phrase by phrase, this article has been compiled.]

HAMLET is a very peculiar play, but it is an illustration of the amazing genius of Shakespeare that he can muddle up all sorts of things to give a general effect. The people are not like anyone one knows, but Shakespeare knew they would appeal to the Elizabethan audience, and that was his object naturally.

There is a good deal of chance about the story, but Shakespeare's genius is such that it does not become recognisable until carefully analysed. The whole thing begins with a piece of sheer luck, because if the Ghost hadn't happened to appear that night, Horatio would not have believed in it, and so the story would not have got to Hamlet, and he would never have seen the Ghost. And indeed, though the Ghost is important, it is, of course, only an external device for furthering the plot, inserted by the masterful hand of Shakespeare with his typical instinct for the right atmosphere.

At first we hardly know what it all portends, but it is evident that Hamlet is in a queer state, for his behaviour is very peculiar right from the beginning. Of course Gertrude's crime would not be considered much nowadays, but it obviously distressed Hamlet extremely, as in those days it was regarded as incest to marry a husband's brother, and Hamlet did not like the idea of that in the family.

Meanwhile we are taken to the household of Polonius. Polonius is an interesting and indispensable character in the play, albeit a minor one. " He is for a joke or a tale of bawdy or he sleeps "—how well we know the type! He is not a nice character, but of course we have to remember that Denmark was a truly rotten state, and that the court was all morally degenerate: it was a mass of plotting and scandal, full of people like Polonius himself, hanging about to crook the pregnant knee in the right places. Added to this, Polonius was old, and though of course " dodderiness " is excusable in old people, it is Polonius' fault that he has clung to office when he is far too old to do anything properly. No doubt he was doing his best, but like many old people he did not realise that he was long past his job. Sometimes he becomes quite funny in his long-windedness, and perhaps Shakespeare may have meant him to be amusing in parts. But his curiosity disgusts us: indeed we feel as much disgust at his desire to hear other people's conversations as we do at the crime of Claudius, who had at least some sense of honour, and knew he ought to *try* to pray. But Polonius always has some scheme up his sleeve for listening in on people talking privately, and thinking he can track the policy of the state by the aid of the weak fever scents of his own nostrils.

When he is not solving mysteries he is dealing with his children, which he does in a very underhand way. He is so fussy and so sneaky that he can't trust his son to go to Paris alone—though of course in Shakespeare's day it was common for fathers to set servants to watch their sons when away on visits—and he brought up Ophelia in a very unsatisfactory way. She has been far too much confined in the home, and has no views of her own on life at all. She is the true cowed Victorian daughter, and this was probably the cause of her madness later: for with Laertes away, her father dead, and no experience to guide her, life must have been a great strain. When we see her first, she thinks Hamlet loves her, but Polonius takes the obvious view that a Prince cannot possibly have honourable intentions towards a mere Prime Minister's daughter, and that she must give him up. Thus Polonius is really responsible for Hamlet's peculiar feeling about women, for if Polonius had not made Ophelia reject him, he would only have hated his mother. Polonius arranges to listen to a conversation to probe the truth of the matter, though if he really wanted to know if Hamlet loved his daughter, why not ask him outright? Goodness knows why he should choose to spy on poor Hamlet, whose life was tragic enough anyhow.

Then there is a scene where Hamlet meets Polonius, which is very convenient for bringing in Hamlet's character and showing it up, for he makes Polonius a butt to play on, and uses him as a foil to the Elizabethan humour which streams from his own mouth. He introduces jokes in such a clever way that they seem almost natural, but of course Polonius seems just fussy to Hamlet for he has a far greater worry on his mind, which is to avenge his father, because the Ghost has told him the whole story, and it has set his nerves all on edge. Hamlet may be mad, but he is no mean thinker, and his opinions are well worth noting. It stands out clearly that he is a man well ahead of his time in brains and was not understood by his contemporaries in Denmark. Shakespeare does not put in his soliloquys for nothing, just to please the Elizabethan audience; they are meant to give us a view of his character, and are typically Shakespearean.

Well, Polonius arranges for the "nunnery scene," where he and the King shall overhear Hamlet's conversation with Ophelia, but Hamlet sees them and goes off into one of his excitable moods about women. It is clear that Hamlet has lost all his faith in them: he is so upset that he can't bear the very sound of women, and he condemns in round terms all those arts by which the female endeavours to ensnare the male. It is interesting to note how little feminine nature has changed, as Hamlet's remarks might equally well be made at the present time. If we follow Professor Dover Wilson, this scene is full of very foul abuse of Ophelia, and almost everything means something else, which is too bad, as Ophelia is really very sweet at times. The scene makes quite good sense if you don't know this, but it is dirtier if you know the coarse meanings like Professor Dover Wilson, and which was owing to Hamlet seeing Polonius and the King listening in.

After the play scene, Claudius sees Hamlet knows his secret and realises he is up against a dangerous man; but Polonius wants to do some more Nosey-Parkering and does not even stop at hiding in a lady's bedroom. Then, when Hamlet is in the full swing of talking loud and hard to his mother, and she is trying to calm him down, Polonius gives himself away, and Hamlet murders him. In one way Polonius got what was coming to him, but in another he is a tragic hero, who loses his life, as Aristotle says, through his one weak spot—his inquisitiveness.

This is really lucky for the King, as he can banish Hamlet, and now Chance steps in again. Of course something must happen to help on the plot, but it cannot be denied that it was fortunate Hamlet carried about his father's signet ring with him, and so could add forgery to his other exploits, and also that a pirate ship came along and that Hamlet was the only one to get aboard, and that the pirates should just land him and no questions asked, so that he could walk into the churchyard and have a few words with the sexton. This brings in comic relief, which is because the tension is so great. *Hamlet* without comic relief would be unbearable, but it creates the atmosphere and is typically Shakespearean.

After that it is all dreadfully ironical and tragic, though devised with consummate skill. Laertes challenges Hamlet to a fencing duel with a poisoned tip, and Claudius puts a pill in a goblet of wine and pretends it is a pearl. Then Chance rears its head again, for one can hardly imagine them swopping rapiers quite so easily, and then the Queen happens to feel like a drink, and takes the poisoned cup, which provides a fitting end for an immoral and worthless woman. Then follows the rapid and catastrophic cutting of the gordian knot of tragedy, and everyone on the stage is killed except Horatio. Fortinbras's surprise when he comes back from the Poles to find the whole court of Denmark dead, can be imagined. He says it is a great pity that so many princes have been killed over such a slight matter, but that it is an advantage to him as he will now be invited to take the crown.

ELIZABETH DREW

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Fleet's Lit Up," at the London Hippodrome

Those who go to the Hippodrome in the hope of scandal will be disappointed. There are magnificently *fin de siècle* settings, an exciting naval battle and an equally exciting Eastern dance, and a great number of broad (if occasionally a trifle thin) witticisms. But the fleet is lit up only with coloured lights; there isn't even a talking mongoose. To say that without Mr. Lupino and Miss Day the show would only be very moderate entertainment, is as true and as pointless as to declare that but for the brandy the heavy conglomeration of a Christmas pudding would have very little fire about it. Mr. Lupino's mastery of low comedy carries him along the most unpromising lines; to hear him demanding buckets of blood, see him fighting a duel, or join with him in singing "Tis, Tisn't, Tis," is to step into the sublime of old style music-hall. Miss Day is a different cup of tea (or, rather, glass of champagne); and endears herself to the audience by humour as infectious as her charm is persuasive. She is, unfortunately, given very little chance to show her individual talent; and is forced to sing two guttering-torch-songs that even the rhymes (starlight—cocktail-barlight) cannot prevent from being acutely embarrassing. But in a few scenes, especially that with Mr. Lupino on a pirate ship, she shows her gift for parody in a way that even set-piece explosions cannot obliterate. The rest of the cast, with the exception of a particularly half-hearted chorus, are as competent and amusing as their lines permit and a musical-comedy house expects. This is rather an uncle-and-nephew show; but, of its kind, it makes very good entertainment, and will probably run until the real pantomimes take over.

The Promenades

The Sibelius evening at the "Proms" last Tuesday offered his admirers another opportunity of testing the enduring quality of their pleasure in his work by hearing two symphonies Nos. 2 in D and 3 in C, his Prelude to *The Tempest* and the Ballad for mezzo-soprano and orchestra, "The Ferryman's Bride." Sibelius is a primitive composer in the sense that he depends largely upon rhythm in spite of the fact that he is a prolific inventor of melodic ideas. His technique is astonishingly simple and effective, for his music never sounds thin, owing partly to a natural sense of orchestration and partly to a clear intellectual grasp of the weakness of the orchestra, namely, the gap in sonority between the upper strings and the bass. His construction is strikingly solid, and this is all the more notable since he is essentially a rhapsodical composer who uses melodic tunes accompanied by rhythmic figures and hardly ever writes contrapuntally. In spite of the fact that his English admirers extol him for his formal qualities, it is likely that time will show that his real virtue lies in his intense and individual vitality. In this respect he resembles Tchaikovsky, whom it is fashionable nowadays to underrate but who, in the opinion of some musicians and critics, is superior to Brahms—especially in the natural flow and organisation of his music. The symphonies were not particularly well played, for they need a more continuous and elastic rhythm. Also Miss Muriel Brunskill, who sang the Ballad, was not in her best form, and seemed to find much of it lying too high for her. Mr. Benjamin Britten's Pianoforte Concerto No. 1 in D—in which he himself played the solo pianoforte brilliantly—was given its first performance on Thursday, August 18th. Most young English composers to-day show the influence either of Stravinsky and Prokovieff or of Sibelius. Mr. Britten belongs to the former group. His concerto is a promising piece of work and has a unity of style if not of structure. One is not very convinced, however, that it truly represents the composer's native talent, in spite of its clever workmanship. The last two movements made the most favourable impression; the Allegretto alla valse seemed rather weak, but the whole work was obviously the production of a talented composer who will very soon be doing much better things.

THE COMING WEEK

Sunday, August 28th—
Conference on Shakespeare at Work. Stratford-on-Avon. Till Sept. 10th.

Monday, August 29th—
British Drama League Holiday School, Buxton. Till Sept. 8th.
Opening of Theatre Festival, Buxton. Plays by Old Vic Company.
Empire Exhibition Celebrity Week: Sir Thomas Beecham and London Philharmonic Orchestra, Lener String Quartet, Paul Robeson and Piccaver.
"The Road to Ruin," Barn Theatre, Shere.

Tuesday, August 30th—
"A Midsummer Night's Dream," Open Air.
"George and Margaret," Piccadilly.

Wednesday, August 31st—
Public Meeting on China: Speaker, Harry T. Silcock, Friends House, 8.
"Running Riot," Gaiety.

Thursday, September 1st—
"Flashing Stream," Lyric.

PROPER AND IMPROPER STUDIES

The Science of Society. By J. RUMNEY. *Duckworth.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Principles of Sociology. By E. A. ROSS. *Appleton-Century.* 18*s.*

Metropolis. By HOWARD B. WOOLSTON. *Appleton-Century.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Slums of New York. By H. M. SHULMAN. *Albert and Charles Boni.* $3.

Lost London. By B. LEESON. *Stanley Paul.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Science of Society gives an introduction to sociology in 116 pages. Mr. Rumney writes clearly and intelligibly of the framework of his subject, and goes into rather more detail when he deals with the groups and institutions of society, with property, the state, and the family. There is a useful bibliography, and 16 pages are given to exposing such bunkum as racial superiority, or, as he puts it, biological sociology. The delusion that your own people are the best is widespread, as the Eskimo story he tells shows. They believe that white men are the children of an Eskimo girl who got lost and married a dog. Though there is little that is new in this book, there is much that would profit both the rulers and the ruled, if they could digest its lessons and appreciate its objective outlook on human affairs.

Professor Ross is also a man of good will, but I found many of his 713 pages dull. *Principles of Sociology* is planned on a grand scale, but the foundations are shallow. The masses of information that he piles together have a bewildering effect, and go far to justify Mr. Rumney's remark: "More timorous than the U.S.A. in planning, we share with it the simple belief that if only we accumulate blindly a sufficient number of facts, the facts will interpret themselves and absolve us from all responsibility from acting upon them."

Professor Ross, however, in many places makes sensible suggestions for easing unpleasant social situations, as, for example, rules to prevent religious strife. Unfortunately he does not show how to get these rules adopted. His outlook is highly coloured by his temporal and geographical location in Wisconsin, but this has the advantage that in dealing with racial problems he is fully aware of the emotional side of the matter. About this he is interesting, but one of his tentative conclusions, that it may be that "the chief fomenters of race prejudice and injustice are of the baser sort," would take a lot of proving.

The advantage of a book this size is that across the horrible bubbly style there is sure to come some strange information. He states, for example, that some American-born children of immigrants leave church schools, where the teaching is in foreign languages, not only unable to read and write English, but hardly able to speak it.

Though the book is a tangle of unexamined presuppositions and is surprisingly unobjective for a work on this subject, it has a large number of good stories, atrocity details, interesting though often inconclusive statistics, and scandals. For instance, "The worst discoveries of the commission which investigated the frauds committed by the British officers in the purchase of army stores during the Boer War were never made public, because of the social eminence of the persons involved."

Metropolis: A Study of Urban Communities is also packed full of facts, some of which are revealing, such as comparison of causes of death in town and country. Also in the States increase is greater in the rural population than in the urban, and, though death rates are greater in towns, they are decreasing more rapidly than in the country. It is partly concerned with questions which are mainly American, as how to stop the grosser types of racketeering in politics. "Designed primarily to supply the text-book needs of university and college courses in urban sociology," it will help in the movement for education without enlightenment.

After headaches brought on by the rarefied air on these heights from which broad views are taken, how about the plain beneath?

Slums of New York is a detailed and painstaking research made in 1925 and 1931 into the conditions of life, in the broadest sense, of 750 families with male children. Four blocks of different types were chosen, which were full of Italians, Chinese, East Europeans, and representatives of "Asia Minor nationalities," Jews, Negroes and Spanish Americans. Many of these are recent immigrants, though in "Tyler" Street two-thirds had lived in the block for over ten years and more than 40 per cent. had lived there more than twenty years. This book gives a ghastly picture of overcrowding, high rents, insanitary conditions and human stupidity. The interests of many of the inhabitants are very narrow, for often the Church, the wireless and the newspaper are the only agencies that take them outside their home, their job and their street. Ignorance, apathy, crime, blind-alley jobs, unemployment and disease make a rotten ground for growing up or living. May the citizens of New York be woken to their responsibility for this problem.

Besides rehousing there is the problem of breaking up the slum pattern. Mr. Shulman says that the school is the only agency which can do this, though the school needs to be remodelled and extended. "We need not be frightened by the suggestion that the budget may have to be doubled, but rather by the possibility that it may only buy twice as much of what we already have." Americans "must demand that children be trained for a world that really exists and not for one that never was and never could be."

This book could have been much better if part of the masses of detail had been put in appendices. It does not seem to be designed for any large class of reader. There are no pictures or graphs to make the statistics easier to grasp. It is very long.

Lost London doesn't really belong to this bunch. It is the memoirs of an ex-detective sergeant who hunted criminals in the East End before the war. He carries you briskly along through murders, including Jack the Ripper, gold dust frauds, white slave traffic, counterfeiting, gangs, bootlegging, and the Sidney Street siege, where he was wounded. It is entertaining, interesting, and well told, and I grew fond of the aggressive and determined author, who has his gentle and generous side. Looked at as a contribution to the study of man, it shows how criminal types are perpetuated by the traditions and conditions of an area, and points to the need for radical alterations in the current attitude to crime.

Sociology, as distinct from the social sciences, has been a promising child, but so far it has not laid bare the rules of human behaviour in society. Often it is just a rehash of history, attempting to catch the cloak of infallibility slipping from the shoulders of religion and materialism. Before it is more than an art there is much more to be found out about social psychology, the art of persuasion, and heredity. Again, who is going to do the persuading, and to do what? How is a sensible and objective viewpoint about human affairs to be spread? This problem is, at the moment, perhaps the most practical question that there is. Some technique, such as mass observation, is badly needed to correct the *de haut en bas* attitude of the intellectuals. Sociology should become a more practical science, to offset its theoretical bias.

Also it is unfortunate that sociologists and psycho-analysts pull different ways. Freud explored a mechanism which would give varying results in varying environments; that is not sufficient reason to ignore his discoveries in the name of sociology.

Though there are a jostle of aspirants, human affairs are still waiting for their Darwin. OLIVER BELL

THE DOWNTRODDEN AND OPPRESSED

Jane Austen and Some Contemporaries. By MONA WILSON. *Cresset Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It is not easy to write a little, either on the very distinguished or on the very obscure. The chances are they will provide too much novelty to digest or not enough to keep one going.

Jane Austen and Some Contemporaries is full of good things, but it does not quite get over the initial drawback. Of course Jane Austen is a very hard nut to crack. I imagine all who have a real feeling for her work know it backwards, with the result that when they come to talk about it "everybody differs and everybody is astonished at the opinion of the others." Then, unless they are rarely tolerant, they begin excommunicating each other. Her very name is a difficulty—some people call her "Miss Austen." Others resent this; they would as soon think of writing "Mr. Dickens" or "Mr. Tolstoy." Miss Wilson rather favours the prefix, and seems to regard the novels as deliberate propaganda for the New Eve.

> I wanted to express my conviction that her name should be linked with that of the great Vindicator of the Rights of Women, Mary Wollstonecraft, and that the *vis comica* of the one has been as powerful an agency in their vindication as the *saeva indignatio* of the other. Jane Austen and Mary Wollstonecraft were bent on the destruction of the fair sex, of Keats' "milk-white lamb that bleats for man's protection," and the evolution of the rational woman.

But then again—"Miss Austen is innocent of any didactic intentions." So one can choose; my own idea is that she was not "bent" on anything—she simply thought rational women rational, and laughed at those who were not. Nor can I believe that her *vis comica* was a "powerful agency," or that she induced the other sex to "change its ideal" of womanhood. It went on bleating about its milk-white lamb for long afterwards. And let us not exaggerate: a taste for sensible women is much older than *Pride and Prejudice*, and a taste for silly women has by no means gone out. This "vindicator of women's rights" was unborn when Dr. Johnson "observed, that a man of sense and education should meet a suitable companion in a wife. It was a miserable thing when the conversation could only be such as, whether the mutton should be boiled or roasted, and probably a dispute about that." "Men of sense," corroborates Mr. Knightley, "do not want silly wives." To be sure, through "some unaccountable prejudice in favour of beauty," they often marry them.

Miss Wilson quotes a good deal from the novels, and gives more than one judgment with which I hope that many will disagree. She quotes also from the letters, which can still do with it. They increase one's delight and terror by showing a Jane Austen even more feline, and a great deal coarser, than the official one.

The next brightest star is Mary Somerville: and then a very wide gap, and than a half-dozen that are barely visible, or not quite visible, to the naked eye—Eliza Fletcher, Anne Woodrooffe, Mary Martha Butt, Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck, Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna, Harriet Grote. What a phalanx of cultured energetic women those Dark Ages seem to have produced—and all handsome, too; and almost all encouraged abundantly from the cradle. One "spouted Shakespeare and Pope to admiring audiences before she could read." Another, on going to school, was found universally ignorant and asked at length what she *did* know: in reply she stammered "Latin," "Virgil," and wept in torrents. A third, at nine years old, gave this explanation of a sleepless night: "I was thinking, Papa, of *Cogito, ergo sum*, and I lay awake trying to find out all about it." "Come," remarked her father, "I must set you to study Euclid; that will sober your wild head a little." Mary Fairfax, with her quietly obstinate devotion to mathematics, got the least sympathy; but then the gallant Captain Fairfax thought a taste for Euclid rather alarming in either sex. "'Peg,' he said to his wife, 'we must put a stop to this, or we shall have Mary in a strait-jacket one of these days. There was X., who went raving mad about the longitude!'" And repression did her no harm; and in after life she found a husband ready and even glad to play second fiddle.

The author's choice was guided by "the desire to work from records left by the women themselves." Obviously the whole field is delightful; but I think she should have been more courageous in leaving out. Before plunging down fascinating by-ways after subsidiary characters one wants to feel at home with the principal, and even on a second reading one or two of these remain dim. Also their biographer is "healthy-minded" (in James's sense) to the point of snobbery. She never speaks of conversion or "the blessed doctrine of human depravity" without a gibe, which it is taken for granted we shall all relish. The Vital Christians are laughable. "A morbid child is apt to be an unpleasing and irritating object . . ." and so on. Some of us, however, like Chehov, are rather friendly to a dash of neurosis.

Still, one doesn't like to find fault with a book so extraordinarily happy in its quotations.

K. JOHN

A COMMUNIST LEADER

Son of the People. By MAURICE THOREZ. *Lawrence and Wishart.* 5s.

This is an interesting and attractive book in more than one way. It is interesting as the portrait of a sincere and straightforward man, who explains himself in a fashion which no one can misunderstand. Born in 1900, the son of a miner, M. Thorez learned his Communism in the hard school of war and strikes. His sympathies were fixed by reflection on his experience; and, as he recounts this, it is difficult to feel that he could have belonged to any other party. Largely, he is self-taught. But it is clear that, in the best sense, he has a firm grasp of what is best, not merely in the great tradition of French culture, but also of the main stream of Socialist thought. If he has to bestrew his pages with a multitude of quotations from Stalin and Dimitroff most of which are platitudes he could just as well have expressed himself, one has the sense that they probably give him much the same comfort as the Biblical texts a seventeenth-century preacher was wont to hurl at his audience.

M. Thorez is interesting in another way. Up to the time when he assumes the leadership of his party, his book is about himself and his world; he emerges as an individual, vivid, alert, direct. Afterwards, his own personality is almost completely suppressed, and the hero of his book becomes, not himself, but the French Communist party. His tale is of its effort to persuade the other French parties of the profundity of the Fascist danger and the need for unity. It is, of course, in large part the history of a triumph, for there is a special sense in which he and his colleagues were the main architects of the victory of 1936. M. Thorez would say that the credit for the victory belongs to the masses who forced unity upon leaders not too willing to embrace it. But it is clear that the French Communists had the insight to seize and to exploit a great opportunity; and it is not unlikely that they have changed the history of Europe by so doing. For if the Popular Front is far from having realised all the hopes built upon it, at least it has secured considerable gains for the French workers; and it has put one great state firmly on the side of resistance to Fascism.

The reader, too, will note in these pages the infinite flexibility of Communist doctrine. The party appears less as a body of revolutionaries than as the inheritor of the central tradition of French policy; M. Thorez can even inscribe Joan of Arc and Richelieu on his banner. On policy, indeed, he has little to say to which we have not been accustomed by the official pronouncements. But he always says it with pungency and directness. He writes with his head as well as his heart; and he is a serious student of French conditions, whose insight into the mind of his fellow-countrymen is based upon a profound love of France. Once again, too, one notes how living in these pages is the impulse communicated by 1789, and how deeply Marx's famous pamphlets on French political struggles have trained the mind of this generation to a grasp of the essentials in the social problem. M. Thorez writes in no parochial way; he sees the European issue as a great whole, and appreciates to the full the part France has to play in that whole. If, sometimes, he over-simplifies—as in his account of the part played by German Communists in Hitler's rise to power, the materials to correct his simplicity are easily

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available. The important point is that this modest self-portrait enables us to understand French Communism in a vital way. One reader, at least, can see why the appeal it makes is so vivid. M. Thorez is an advocate of which any movement might be proud.

HAROLD J. LASKI

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION

The Public Services : A Historical Survey. By W. HARDY WICKWAR. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 10s. 6d.

This book is a companion volume to the one entitled *The Social Services : A Historical Survey*, which the author published in 1936. Its aim is to describe the historical development of public administration in regard to highways and railways, the post office, telecommunications and broadcasting, gas, water and electricity supplies, and a number of services concerning overseas trade facilities, the provision of credit, the marketing of food, the conservation of natural resources, cleansing, drainage, and scientific investigation. There are two concluding chapters analysing the relations between the public services and the public, and the public services and the State.

In view of the remarkable dearth of books dealing with the evolution of the public utilities, and the essential place which they occupy in our civilisation, a study of this kind is a welcome contribution, especially when it comes from the hand of so intelligent a writer as Mr. Wickwar. It stands alone, indeed, as the only historical survey which even attempts to cover the ground. But there are serious disadvantages in seeking to paint so large a scene on so small a canvas—the book runs to less than 250 pages—particularly when much of the country to be depicted consists of virgin forest of which no preliminary sketches have been made. It is impossible to give even the bare outlines of the history of the gas supply in 6½ pages; and Mr. Wickwar succeeds only in conveying a misleading simplicity by his attempt to do so. He fails to bring out the causes or the significance of the gradual change in public opinion from a belief in private profit-making enterprise on a competitive basis to a conviction that a publicly owned or regulated monopoly is necessary. In regard to the water supply, it is quite untrue to say (p. 156) that while in the provinces practical considerations governed the progress of municipal enterprise " in the metropolis great questions of high principle were in constant debate." There were no questions of principle at stake whatever, only questions of interest. During the nineteenth century the eight London water companies managed to become very strongly organised politically, and there was no local authority in the metropolis covering a large enough area to justify municipalisation. In consequence the commercial water interests were allowed to dominate the situation until 1902, in spite of an urgent need for public ownership and unified management.

In this section of the book the author permits himself some curious observations. He refers condescendingly to " the panicky millions of the metropolis " who were scared—with just cause, one would have thought—by the persistent epidemics of water-borne cholera. He denigrates Sir John Simon, the first medical officer and a great pioneer of the public health movement, as " an eloquent but muddle-headed Coleridgean " apparently because he stated to a Royal Commission that the power of life and death which the water companies possessed through their control over the purity of the water supply was a new phenomenon which would have to be seriously considered.

The railways are dealt with at greater length, but even here the author has set himself an impossible task of abbreviation. The original functions of the Board of Trade in regard to railways cannot be explained satisfactorily in eight lines; nor is the history of the past century intelligibly summarised by the cryptic remark that " the British railways have thus been driven towards some half a dozen different destinations—competition on the line, competition between the lines, regulation by judicial decision, regulation by Parliamentary rate-fixing, regulation by judicial rate-revision, and regulation by traffic co-ordination—without ever once finding the way clear on the line along which contemporary opinion has signalled them."

Mr. Wickwar succeeds, nevertheless, in bringing out the importance of the public services, both from a social and an economic point of view. He gives some interesting figures showing that in 1914 the outstanding capital liabilities on the main utilities amounted to £3,000 millions, compared with oversea investments of £4,000 millions and a national debt of £600 millions. Capital, he believes, is no longer the master of the public services, but a sleeping partner incapable of concerted or directive action. The need for new supplies of capital he regards as no longer important. The nineteenth century invested its capital in the public services, whereas the twentieth century spends out of income on the social services.

There is much in the book that is good and valuable, but as a whole it has an unsatisfying quality. This arises partly from the allusive character of the author's style combined with undue compression or abbreviation, and partly from his omission to grapple with (or even to state) the fundamental issues which have emerged in the sphere of the public utilities and in the relations of government to business generally. Mr. Wickwar invites us to a meal consisting of excellent *hors d'oeuvre*, soup, *entremets* and coffee. The host's conversation is so good that one scarcely notices at the time that the principal courses have been omitted.

W. A. ROBSON

A PLAIN MAN TALKS

It's Draughty in Front : The Autobiography of a Taxi-driver. By HERBERT HODGE. *Michael Joseph.* 8s. 6d.

The title, the photograph of the author, capped and coated, sitting at his wheel, suggest that the taxi-rank will be the centre of Mr. Hodge's book. We think of him not as a man who has written plays with a political edge, who gives wireless talks on books and the cinema, but as the taxi-driver who has done these things. Yet his occupation is probably the least essential thing about him. He did not come to it until he was twenty-eight, and if he still continues to drive his taxi it is because it leaves him the time he needs for writing and thinking. *It's Draughty in Front* is the autobiography of a man who has a gift for plain writing and plain speech. Commonsense—a valuable though not spectacular quality in memoir-writing—sends back a beam of light through his thirty-seven years of living.

The first thirty pages describing his childhood are perhaps the best in the book. (A test of the sensitive man is a clear memory of childhood.) Poverty had affected his parents in different ways. He remembers his father as a strong, easy-going man, in and out of employment, frequently drunk, whose delirious cries at night would be strangely contradicted by a brimming affection the next day. He was not the sort of man who " gets on," who is even capable of finding money enough to bring up a family, but—granted their poverty—his was the easier and more sensible attitude. The mother, by contrast, was pinched, severe, an attendant at chapel, and religious in the pursuit of a " respectability " for which they had not the means. On the rare occasions, for example, when visitors came to tea, there would be two plates of bread and butter, one for visitors, the other spread with margarine for the family; it became a matter of tortured vigilance to see that the right persons extended their hands towards the right plates. And this pretence ruled their whole family life; they were extremely poor, and the mother taught them to be as ashamed of poverty as of sex. The effect of this teaching on the young Herbert Hodge can be seen throughout his book (he is sharply aware of it himself). As a child, weakly but authoritative enough with his fellows, he led a small gang of urchins who pilfered fruit and toys in the neighbourhood. He might well have drifted into adolescent crime; luckily, he possessed a robust conscience (guilt does not seem to have troubled him) and a will stronger than the ordinary. He grew up a rebel. He worked as errand boy, as carman in a laundry; then unemployment turned his thoughts to politics. He joined the Communist Party, led (somewhat ineffectually) the band of local unemployed and at the Soho Party headquarters came in contact with minds more mature and cultured than his own. His reading both in politics and literature was independent, aggressive, jackdaw-like, rather in the fashion of the early Wells. Communism did not hold him long; its mixture of wild dreaming and rigid doctrine seemed too much at variance with his desire to " get something done," and for a time he found himself in the arms of the New Party. He even stood for Parliament as a Mosley candidate. His picture of Mosley off the platform—a marionette with a smile turned on like electric light and no thought except along the lines of prepared speeches—is revealing. Despite his clear sight, Mr. Hodge discovered the Fascism latent in this party somewhat more slowly than others (he never, by the way, covers up his own stupidities). Since then, his politics, well to the Left, have been as independent as himself. He went to Canada and got whatever jobs he could—as farm boy, builder's labourer, shop assistant, garage manager. Returning to London, he took up taxi-driving and writing: a gruelling apprenticeship for the first and thousands of unpublished sheets for the second. He found it impossible to sell realistic stories of the life he knew to magazines, which wanted bright endings and rosy situations. And possibly the stories were themselves rather over-literary and stiff. *Waiting for Lefty*, which he saw at the Unity Theatre in King's Cross, woke him up to the possibilities (for a writer) of being natural. He had the sort of audience he knew; he had something to say to them. The Unity Theatre produced his *Where's That Bomb?* and *Cannibal Carnival*, and this brought him to the notice of the B.B.C. Once again, in his early tests, he made the mistake of adopting an artificial personality and diction; then he let out his Cockney accent, his exuberance and undoctored commonsense, and as a wireless talker made a hit. And there, happily married, driving a taxi by day, writing or talking at night, he is now.

It's Draughty in Front is not, thank goodness, a success-story—that most deadening of all approaches to self. Candour is so rare in writing that one comes even to dissociate it from talent. Mr. Hodge is a really candid writer; that, one might almost say, *is* his talent. His unpretentious pages give the clear picture of a sensitive, practical, thrusting, timid, stupid and intelligent man. Yes, Mr. Hodge contradicts himself—and convinces us. He is not a made-up subject of autobiography. He talks and moves. He hopes to get things done. What will have happened to him in ten years' time? We can't guess; but he will be somewhere, still talking, still very much alive, and on the side of the angels.

G. W. STONIER

SPANISH PAINTING

Spanish Painting. By E. HARRIS. *Gifford.* £2 2s.

Whenever the Italian and French schools resemble mountain-ranges in which peak shoulders peak, and even the secondary summits continue the sky-line, the Spanish consists of a few towering volcanoes springing from a horizon of oddly shaped hills. El Greco, Velasquez, Goya and Picasso are the giants—and it is remarkable that one of them is by birth a Cretan, another half-Italian. Zurbaran and Murillo are two excellent painters of the second rank, and after them there are only such unimportant, though curious, figures as Valdes Leal, Morales, Carreño de Miranda, Mazo, Pacheco, Coello, Ribalta and Ribera. The last-named has enjoyed a great reputation, and his compositions are skilful, but the *chiaroscuro* which astounded his contemporaries now seems unduly theatrical, not to say commonplace. Murillo, so enthusiastically admired in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, has suffered a similar decline in popularity, but, in our opinion, less justly. The particular piety which he expressed has little appeal in the present age, even to Catholics, who prefer to be edified by a more austere and Jansenistic style. But the frequent repulsiveness of his sentiment ought not to obscure his acute vision and masterly handling. Zurbaran is evidently much easier to approach, and before such of his pictures as those at Grenoble, we feel he falls only just short of the greatest. Goya's reputation continues to rise: at a recent exhibition of his work in Paris, there were pictures from Castres, from Lille, and from the collection of the Vicomtesse Charles de Noailles, which astonished even those well acquainted with the Prado. The great admiration felt for Goya and Greco has been responsible for a perceptible diminution in the reputation of Velasquez, but to anyone who cares for painting as such, he remains one of the supreme prodigies of the world. In one respect he is notably un-Spanish. For the Spanish School is characterised by a combination of relentless realism and extreme expressiveness; and there is no sign in Velasquez of the deliberate pursuit of expression, though his drawing and beautiful *matière* are, in a different sense, highly expressive. Greco, on the other hand, concentrated on expressiveness more successfully perhaps than any other painter, but he is not a realist and it is doubtful how far he really ought to be classed in the Spanish School. He was influenced by no Spaniard, but by the Venetians and by the Byzantine pictures among which he was brought up; and his followers in Spain were few.

Miss Harris has assembled a fascinating anthology of Spanish painting, with a preface none the less valuable for being succinct and business-like. She begins with a Catalan Primitive, resembling to an extraordinary extent certain pictures by Picasso. She illustrates a very delightful fourteenth-century painter, Feuer Bassa, who paints in a purely Italian style. Juan Bautista Maino, an early seventeenth-century painter, is another interesting painter, little known to the public. Her book contains ninety-six fairly good reproductions in black and white and eight very inadequate reproductions in colour. (The jacket and the book contain two coloured versions of the pink Velasquez from Vienna which are quite unlike one another and both libellously unlike their exquisite original.) Otherwise this book can be recommended to all lovers of good painting, though one wishes that Miss Harris had brought it up to date by including five or six pictures by Picasso.

GERMANY THROUGH NAZI SPECTACLES

Germany Speaks. By 21 LEADING MEMBERS OF PARTY AND STATE. *Thornton Butterworth.* 10s. 6d.

From Nietzsche Down to Hitler. By M. P. NICOLAS. *Hodge.* 5s.

Britain Looks at Germany. By SIR EDWARD GRIGG, D.S.O., M.P., M.C. *Nicholson and Watson.* 5s.

"Germany as the German Government wishes the World to see it," might well be the sub-title of this collection of articles by leaders of the Reich. Herr von Ribbentrop welcomes it as an endeavour "by competent authorities to bring those problems and ideas which actuate Germany closer to the understanding of the English," and it is carefully adapted to appeal, as far as possible, to British sentiment. All the writers stress the leadership principle, community sense, social equality, spirit of national self-sacrifice, and of anti-Communism, which for them typify Germany to-day, while omitting or slurring over other aspects which might offend our susceptibilities.

The keynote of the book is "the perfect concord between the leaders and the nation." "We cannot and will not listen," Freiherr von Rheinbaben declares, "to such phrases as 'I love

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Germany but dislike the Nazis.' Germany and the Nazis are identical." Dr. Frick says Germany freely turned herself into "a unitary state and a unitary nation," and throughout the book old associations are represented as voluntarily disbanding themselves and individuals with very rare exceptions as joyfully embracing the Nazi creed. Nowhere is there any mention of the laws making all political associations, all trades unions, all youth movements illegal except those founded by the Nazis, nor is there the slightest indication that there is anyone in prison or in a concentration camp for daring to criticise or oppose some aspect of the new regime.

The writers claim that only in Germany is real Socialism "grounded in religion" to be found. "All citizens become part-owners of the means of production and carry out their appointed tasks," and according to Dr. Ley "the liberty promised to the workers by previous regimes has now become a reality . . . the worker has been made a partner of the works on an equal footing." It is difficult to attach any meaning to these phrases, as private enterprise flourishes and small-scale ownership is actively encouraged in Germany to-day, while neither co-partnership nor profit-sharing is either compulsory or universal. True, employers and employees are alike taught to feel themselves part of a "works community" labouring for the nation, but that is not ownership or partnership. Wages are admitted to be low but "Kraft durch Freude" and kindred organisations are said to compensate for this by raising the purchasing power of the workers, who "now know that this world and all it contains exists for them also."

The Nazi views on racial questions are so moderately stated as to be almost unrecognisable: "Those of another race are different from us . . . whether that other race is better or worse is not possible to judge," because "a superhuman, even divine attitude" is essential if the "verdict" is to be impersonal. Presumably we are to conclude that Herr Hitler and Herr Streicher are able to adopt a "divine attitude" when writing of the Jewish race. The sole reference in the entire book to the persecution of the Jews is the statement that in view of the high proportion of Jews in various professions in 1933, "no one could reasonably object to the Germans removing the Jews from prominent positions." Two of the writers state that Jews receive Winterhilfe, but neither mentions that it is from a separate fund which has to be maintained by the ever-dwindling number of Jews allowed to retain or earn money. No clear case is brought against Jews or Communists, but statements and phrases are scattered throughout the book which taken together are very prejudicial.

The educational article shows how closely the Hitler Youth, Labour Service and Youth Hostels co-operate with the schools in teaching "the principles of biological and racial science"; Herr Bohle defends the organisation of Germans abroad, but disclaims all attempts at propaganda here; he even says "the British people would be justified in prohibiting the propagation of Nazi ideas in their own country." German foreign policy is discussed at considerable length in the final chapter, in which an appeal is made for better relations with this country, but the problems raised by Germany's attitude towards Eastern Europe are ignored.

The book as a whole is interesting, but in several respects misleading. Its importance lies not so much in the information as in the fact that these descriptions of the new Germany represent the views of the majority of young Germans who have been educated under the present regime. I know from personal experience that it is in just such terms, with just such omissions, that young Nazis and many older Germans describe their regime to all the foreigners with whom they come in contact here and elsewhere, and they will find in this book an invaluable backing for their propaganda.

Nietzsche is frequently made responsible for much of the Nazi philosophy, but M. Nicolas considers this view a mistaken one. He is not always entirely convincing, but he does bring conclusive proof that far from being a pro-German anti-Semite, Nietzsche spoke with scorn of Germans and of nationalism but with admiration of Jews; and he advocated the marriage of Jews and Germans.

Sir Edward Grigg detests the idea that we should surrender to the threats of dictators, and he equally detests the alternative of war. He suggests instead that we should immediately agree to a "register of citizens," and compulsory training for three months for all young men before they reach twenty-one. He claims that by these methods we can rouse enthusiasm and enhance the value of our freedom by the addition of the ideal of service, but in the main his appeal is for the regimentation of men and materials in readiness for eventualities. GLADYS RINDER

FUGITIVE FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND

Dry Guillotine. By RENÉ BELBENOIT. *Cape. 12s. 6d.*

Good books grow in strange soil. As the result of two thefts and fifteen years of imprisonment and exile, René Belbenoit has written an autobiography which is likely to become a classic of picaresque adventure. After honourable service in the war, M. Belbenoit, at the age of only twenty-one, was sentenced to lifelong exile in French Guiana, preceded by eight years of imprisonment in the convict settlement which is popularly—though incorrectly—known as Devil's Island. The "Dry Guillotine" of the title is the convicts' name for the solitary confinement cells on one of the islands, and by M. Belbenoit's account it is aptly named. Here, and in the timber camps, he found a life of such degradation and misery that survival seemed impossible. The administration deliberately plans, in M. Delbenoit's opinion, that the convicts should either die on the spot or die in attempting to escape; and he quotes official records to show that of the seven hundred convicts who arrive each year four hundred die within twelve months. M. Belbenoit's description of day-to-day life in the settlement is one of brutal punishments, insanitary conditions, murderous fights, moral corruption and universal graft. I can think of nothing that exceeds it in sheer horror. It is significant that the British authorities in the West Indies, who are not conspicuously squeamish, openly aid escaping convicts.

A noted penologist, Mr. Leo Page, has recently warned against a too easy credence of convicts' stories, and doubtless M. Belbenoit must be read with due caution. On one occasion he describes convicts "working frantically to have their task finished on time [3 p.m.] so as to get something to eat"; while later he encounters men who have performed the same required labour some time before noon. Nevertheless, his manner is remarkably dispassionate and carries the conviction of a man who is not continually straining beyond the facts.

But there is no need to exaggerate. Lifelong exile with little hope of rehabilitation, particularly on a first conviction, is indefensible; and both graft and escape could be virtually stamped out if the convicts were prevented from accumulating money. M. Belbenoit quotes one man as possessing 12,000 francs, although he would be officially penniless. It is difficult to see how such sums are acquired, as apart from graft (which is unproductive and only a form of circulation) the convict's sole source of income is from the sale of butterflies. A simple savings-bank system, a sanitary inspector and an adequate medical staff would do much to abolish iniquities which M. Belbenoit can scarcely have invented.

In spite of its detailed brutalities *Dry Guillotine* is sustained by a buoyant optimism. Alive to the dangers of lethargy, M. Belbenoit developed an inflexible determination to escape. He made five attempts, and on the last occasion he lost all his companions and even his clothes before making his way single-handed from French Guiana to the United States. During his journey he spent seventeen consecutive days at sea in a canoe, was shipwrecked on the Colombian coast and travelled overland alone through Central America to Salvador. After twenty-two months he reached Los Angeles, a man of thirty-eight, toothless, almost blind, ravaged by scurvy and fever.

His journey ranks, I think, among the epics of escape. He was unarmed, frequently penniless, devoid of the rudiments of seamanship, and in his own words "a very little man . . . of frail physique." As an exposure of vile penal methods which most countries have already discarded, *Dry Guillotine* should help materially towards the abolition of Devil's Island; as the record of an intrepid and phenomenal escape, it will always have a distinguished place in the literature of adventure.

DESMOND HAWKINS

In Defence of Letters. By GEORGES DUHAMEL. *Dent. 8s. 6d.*

Essayists have written "in defence of" so many things, from snobbery to grey squirrels, that M. Duhamel's title lacks urgency. He may—no doubt he does—feel strongly that literature to-day is threatened by many things, but if he had seriously set out to "defend" literature—as seriously, say, as M. Julien Benda—he would have chosen a different title and written another book. For though affable, reminiscent, charming, it gets nowhere. Here and there, among reprinted articles on himself and his contemporaries, M. Duhamel does register a protest—where are politics, the wireless and the films taking us?—but that is all. To write thus meekly on a subject on which one feels strongly is

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NICHOLSON & WATSON

fatal in a writer turned pamphleteer. M. Duhamel's own solid novels are a much better advertisement of his case then the literary ramble and stocktaking of his *Defence of Letters*. Is he trying to make converts? Those who are likely to read the book agree with him before they have ever opened it; while no outsider, no anti-litterateur, would get anything from it except sardonic amusement. Blois with his thundering might make converts, even such minor propagandists as Malraux set out with the knowledge that they can stir opinion. Duhamel appeals mildly to his already considerable public. He is smug and uneasy at the same time. That is not to say that *In Defence of Letters* is worthless; indeed, those who have enjoyed his novels will find this private record—a mixture of reminiscence and opinion—delightful. He is the type of Academician whom only the French seem to produce—the Academician with talent. Dignity, wit, charm, critical sympathy, cultured alarm—Duhamel has all these; but he has set out to strike a blow, and it falls light as a feather.

On the Danger List. By SANDOR PUDER. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

This is an apparently sincere record of the psychological and physical reactions of a highly introspective doctor (presumably Hungarian) to three appendix operations, of which he himself was the subject. One was performed under ether, one under a local anaesthetic, and the third under spinal anaesthesia. Dr. Puder's account of his sufferings should deter any intelligent reader from submitting to a serious abdominal operation under local anaesthesia. Unfortunately, perhaps, this bit of autobiography is calculated also to frighten the inexperienced and the nervous from submitting to a major operation under any conditions whatever. Operations for appendicitis probably run into thousands a year in this country alone; and there can be no doubt that thousands of lives, which fifty years ago would have been lost, are every year saved by appendectomy. Fortunately, very few of the people who have had their appendix removed report having experienced anything more than temporary pain or discomfort. Hardly any of them seem to have been tortured by dreads and fears such as those here vividly described. One cannot help feeling that this book will prove more truly helpful to doctors—especially to operating surgeons and their assistants—than to the ordinary reader.

Dr. Puder was not a good patient. He knew both too much and too little. The anticipation of pain is often far more distressing than actual pain itself. You tumble into a gooseberry bush or a bramble patch, and, as a rule, the pricks, scratches and abrasions hardly hurt at all; similar skin wounds inflicted by the doctor whom you have watched sterilising his instruments are almost unbearable. The author of this book felt half his pain in advance. "I have very little endurance, so far as pain is concerned, and shuddered at the thought of it." He was a bad subject, for local anaesthesia at any rate.

The story ends happily, with the author morally in pocket. "My chief thought during convalescence was that now at last I was rid of my appendix. Twice I had been in the jaws of death and had survived a dangerous anaesthesia and uncomfortable after-effects. . . . Fourteen days after the operation, I was back at home. My appetite was immense. I had nothing to worry me except the choice of a place in which to recuperate." After a stay in Italy and, later, in Africa, for three months, he "returned home in full possession of his strength"; and promised himself from then on to consider the complaints and sufferings of his patients much more sympathetically. A well-written, self-revealing, bit of medical autobiography.

The Architecture of England from Norman Times to the Present Day. By FREDERICK GIBBERD. *Architectural Press.* 5s.

This book is the best introduction to English architecture that has appeared. The text is succinct, the illustrations numerous and very well chosen. The author relates the various styles to the changes in the social environment, and ends with some pungent comparisons between the best and worst works being produced to-day. A school that does not place this book in its library deserves to be boycotted by parents.

Capital: A Critical Analysis of Capitalist Production. By KARL MARX. With a supplement edited and translated by DONA TORR. *Allen and Unwin.* 8s. 6d.

This is an unchanged reprint of the familiar stereotyped translation of Volume I of Marx's *Capital*, in the original translation made by Moore and Aveling and edited by Friedrich Engels. This translation was made from the third German edition. To the present reprint Miss Torr has added a supplement giving the changes made by Engels in the text of the fourth German edition, together with Engels' preface to that edition. Marx's preface to the French translation, in which he incorporated a number of revisions, is also included, together with a number of quotations from the letters of Engels bearing on the text. The revised index of authorities quoted by Marx is added from the publications of the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute. The translation made by Moore and Aveling has doubtless the authority conferred upon it by Engels' authorisation; but it is a good deal less readable than the more recent translation made by Eden and Cedar Paul, and now available in Everyman's Library. It is indeed difficult to see any adequate reason for reissuing the earlier translation. It would have been much more worth while to provide a satisfactory translation of Volumes II and III, which are at present available only in most inadequate versions, or of Volume IV, which is not available at all in English.

New Sights of London. By HUGH CASSON. *London Transport.* 6d.

This is a comprehensive and well-arranged guide to all the best recent buildings in London and its environs. The compiler has perhaps been too charitable in including such regrettable instances of their several styles as the Slough Town Hall and Athenæum Court, but the booklet will be very useful both to architectural students and to the modern Man of Taste.

About Motoring

A SCANDALOUS LETHARGY

ANY reader of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION who owns a new 1938 motor car, whether it be a twelve-cylinder costing two or three thousand pounds or a mass-produced midget priced at little over £100, can bring it to a dead stop from a speed of twenty miles an hour in about five yards or fifteen feet. As the car wears and ages, he can at any time restore its braking efficiency to this high standard by (*a*) fitting new tyres, "slicing" his old tyre treads, or fitting remoulds to the tyre casings; (*b*) relining the brake shoes; (*c*) executing the proper adjustment of the brake controls. Fifteen feet, with a margin of a foot each way, represents the standard of braking at 20 m.p.h. which any modern car should register when new, and maintain in use if it is properly maintained. The sole departure which is permissible to a conscientious man is a very slight extension of the pull-up distance when the tyres are commencing to wear rather smooth, but are not yet so absolutely smooth that common sense suggests scrapping them in favour of new tyres, or subjecting them to one of the many proprietary treatments which would restore their original grip on the surface of the road.

This preamble introduces us to the question of police supervision of brakes. The police are entitled by statute to stop any car and test its brakes, which they carry out by affixing a small patented instrument to the car, instructing the owner to stop as quickly as he can at a specified speed (attained by speedometer) and reading off the indicated efficiency. What standard of

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Autobiography of the leader of the French Communist Party: praised by *The Spectator* in a review of the French edition as indispensable for a knowledge of European Politics.

HUNGER AND WORK

STATISTICAL STUDIES

Jürgen Kuczynski

3/6

10,000,000 workers below the poverty line. This is the conclusion to which the author comes as a result of his careful analysis, based on official figures, with the help of the Trade Unions concerned, of the condition of the industrial working class in this country. The standard he takes is the well-known Rowntree minimum, and with respect to this he analyses the position for the basic industries of the country.

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efficiency does the reader imagine that the police require? Let him prepare himself for shocks. The regulations under which such tests are made lay down no definite or identifiable standards whatsoever. They leave the required efficiency to the discretion of the local authority. So any superintendent of police can fix in his own mind a standard which strikes him as the minimum of reason and safety, and organise prosecutions on this arbitrary and personal basis. He will, of course, have to convince his local bench (in other words, and ninety times out of a hundred, the clerk of the local bench) that his arbitrary personal standard is a rational standard. No reader will be surprised to hear that the various superintendents of police take widely differing views of what constitutes an actionable flabbiness on the part of the brakes of local motorists; even the *Police Chronicle* complains in its editorial articles of the lack of any official standards. Now let the reader prepare himself for further shocks. He, as an intelligent motorist, is familiar with the fact that our elderly benches of magistrates normally suffer from an abysmal ignorance of motoring in general, and he will not expect them to be well grounded on such a technical matter as reasonably good braking. He knows also that, though the average superintendent of police or chief constable may be a versatile and well-informed and humane man, he is seldom an engineer. Consequently the reader will expect my next revelation to be a complaint that the police are demanding an absurdly high standard of braking efficiency in the teeth of current road casualty lists. I wish I could say so. In most police areas a standard of 50 per cent. braking efficiency is accepted as the safe minimum, but in certain "black" areas the penal minimum is much lower than 50 per cent., and indeed sinks as low as 35 per cent. In some of our Dominions the demand is quite incredibly low; in the City of Toronto, for example, the police pass a hand brake as in good order if it will bring a car to rest from 20 m.p.h. within *twenty-four yards!* (Remember, any good modern car will stop in five yards from 20 m.p.h.) The instinctive reaction of any intelligent man to such facts is that the police are either crazy or else that they deliberately intend to emasculate the law into a dead letter. Such would be far from the truth. It is true that if we study the weekly tests of new cars in such journals as the *Autocar* and the *Motor*, we shall find that they invariably register a brake efficiency of between 90 and 100 per cent., i.e., a pull-up of between 13ft. and 15ft. at 20 m.p.h. It is true that this efficiency can be maintained within narrow limits by any scrupulous and conscientious owner during the entire working life of these cars. It is true that on this basis we should expect any sane Minister of Transport to instruct the police to prosecute all drivers found in control of cars evincing a brake efficiency of less than say 75 per cent. But there are two fairly simple snags in the path of such an obvious and valuable precaution. Snag No. 1 is that a great many elderly cars are still in daily use; and that many of these elderly cars only brake on the two rear wheels, and have no front wheel brakes of any kind. Snag No. 2 is that a good many not-too-new American cars are still in use in these islands, and that, although these cars possess four-wheel brakes, the hand lever is designed only to serve as a "parking" brake, i.e., it is just capable of keeping the car stationary on a flat surface, but was never intended to stop the car on the road. None of these cars can approach the 90-100 per cent. efficiencies registered in the road tests of the motor journals. But the Government has consented to their remaining in service, and has indeed entered into a sort of contract with their owners by accepting their tax for the current year. Consequently, our people are endangered by the permitted presence on the roads of numerous motor cars which in fact are equipped with extremely inefficient brakes; the elderly rear wheel-braked cars cannot stop quickly, no matter how carefully they are maintained; the obsolescent American cars can stop reasonably quickly so long as their main brakes function, but should the main brake fail (through a loose nut, a broken cam, a damaged cable, a dry reservoir or other cause) the "parking" brake may not be able to stop the car in less than twenty-four yards (75ft. is actually accepted by the New York police as the efficient stopping distance for a hand brake on a flat dry paving at 20 m.p.h.!)

The following reforms seem essential:

(1) For all modern British, French, German, Italian and American cars the police standard should be raised to at least 80 per cent. efficiency, which implies a pull-up of about seven yards at 20 m.p.h.

(2) Separate standards, to be determined, and to be based on severity rather than laxity, should be imposed on all elderly cars devoid of front-wheel brakes.

The Fabian Society

FRIENDS' HALL LECTURES

Autumn, 1938

THE Autumn course of lectures will be held this year in the Friends' Hall, Euston Road, N.W.1, on six successive Thursday evenings, beginning on Thursday, October 20th, at 8.30. The general title of the course will be "NEW TYRANNIES FOR OLD."

The dates, subjects and lecturers arranged are as follows:

1. Thursday, October 20th. **"RIVAL IDEOLOGIES IN THEORY AND PRACTICE."**
   Chairman: DR. J. J. MALLON.
   Lecturer: LORD SNELL.
2. Thursday, October 27th. **"A NEW TECHNIQUE OF CONQUEST."**
   Chairman: FRANCIS WILLIAMS.
   Lecturer: WICKHAM STEED.
3. Thursday, November 3rd. **"DANGER SPOTS IN EUROPE."**
   Chairman: RT. HON. A. V. ALEXANDER, M.P.
   Lecturer: MAJOR-GENERAL A. C. TEMPERLEY.
4. Thursday, November 10th. **"THE CONFUSION OF WESTERN DEMOCRACY UNDER CAPITALIST DOMINATION."**
   Chairman: D. N. PRITT, K.C., M.P.
   Lecturer: MME. GENEVIÈVE TABOUIS.
5. Thursday, November 17th. **"THE NEW DARK AGES?"**
   Chairman: LORD MARLEY.
   Lecturer: R. H. S. CROSSMAN.
6. Thursday, November 24. **"WHEN AND HOW A RENAISSANCE?"**
   Chairman: DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL, M.P.
   Lecturer: RT. HON. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., L.C.C.

Admission will be by ticket for the course, which can be applied for at once, or for each lecture separately. As the accommodation is limited, preference will be given to applicants for tickets for the whole course. Applications for single tickets will therefore be reserved until October 10th, 1938, after which the remaining seats will be allotted according to priority of application.

The price of tickets for numbered and reserved stalls is one guinea for the course of six, or five shillings for a single lecture; for numbered back stalls and front rows of gallery seats, twelve shillings for the course, or three shillings for a single lecture; for numbered back rows of stalls and gallery, six shillings for the course, or one shilling and sixpence for a single lecture.

Applications for tickets should be sent to the Fabian Society,
11 Dartmouth Street, Westminster, S.W.1

Telephone: Whitehall 4715

(3) Middle-aged American cars with "show" parking brakes should be required to display an exceptionally high standard of efficiency on their main brakes, which in actual practice carry almost the entire responsibility for stopping the car.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 442

Set by John Mair

Every age has produced translations of the Classics to suit contemporary taste, and syncopated the famous dead to attune with the Spirit of the Age. The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the best presentation of the Classics in modern dress. It is suggested (but not enjoined) that Messrs. Hemingway or Auden might catch Homer's heroic narrative, while Mr. Eliot should be good on Horace (especially the latter's lament for his baldness). Suetonius might suit the columnists of News Review, and Ovid's Metamorphoses be just the thing for Dylan Thomas. And who could render Aesop better than Damon Runyon? It should be remembered that the zeitgeist is above mere pedantic accuracy. Entries may be in prose or verse, and should not exceed 250 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, September 2nd.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

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Nº 3
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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 440

Set by Allan M. Laing

In recognition of August, the holiday month, competitors are asked to submit, for the usual prizes, a Cautionary Tale in the Belloc manner about one of the following sinners:

(*a*) ARABELLA (who Picnicked in the Heather and Set a Hill on Fire);
(*b*) PERCIVAL (who was Only a Bank Clerk, but Pretended to be a Peer);
(*c*) ALICE and JANE (who were Over Fourteen, but Deceitfully Travelled Half-Fare).

Report by Allan M. Laing

The entries in this competition were neither as hilarious nor as Hilaire-ious as they might have been; and too many competitors, not having been restricted to an inch, took an ell of a lot of space to tell their tales, which would have been brighter if they had been briefer. In the majority of entries, also, there was a disappointing lack of appreciation of the Belloc technique. Half-way through the task of judging, I turned to "Godolphin Horne" for refreshment, and once again noted how the atmosphere of absurdity is sustained by verse which is absolutely straightforward and of limpid simplicity. Sense and rhyme fall into place with charming inevitability, and Godolphin's sin of pride is treated with a natural seriousness whose incidental and cumulative effects are richly comic. Whereas . . .

Fifty per cent. of the entries dealt with Arabella, and the rest were split up evenly between Percival and Alice-and-Jane. Arabella commonly ended up as a cinder, but J. C. B. Date was original enough to make her a science student (with a scientific B.Sc. mother) who

wished to find out whether
Heating helps the growth of heather

and whose

punishment was dire indeed,
For the fire's consuming greed
Burnt all her scientific data
(And her scientific mater).

The crime of Alice and Jane was needlessly complicated by some. Why, for example, should K. D. put down a very popular form of petty larceny to the fact that Alice and Jane were involved in a carriage accident on the way home from their christening? This was to pile an irrelevant Pelion on a self-sufficient Ossa. Pen began her verses with a good couplet, but tailed off very soon. In fact, except for one other, the Alice and Jane entries were an indifferent lot. The best Percivals were sent in by E. L. Franklin and F. Waterfield (whose Arabella was also good, particularly its moral:

Wise children let the Yellow Press
Consume its own Uncleanliness).

One competitor thought it punishment enough for Percival that he should eventually become a genuine peer and have to forsake the bank, including "Jones, the first cashier"; but for the most part Percival was unmasked in conventional fashion and forced to exchange his sham peerage for a real prison.

Besides those commended above, good entries were sent in by Little Billee, R. D. C. (nearly a winner!), Rowland Marriott, J. M. Stoddart, J. C. Turner, and L. V. Upward; but the prizes, equally divided, go to Felix Aylmer and A. K. Milne, who in my opinion succeeded best in emulating the Belloc model in manner and verve. Unfortunately I have only space to print one.

ALICE AND JANE

(Who were Over Fourteen, but Deceitfully Travelled Half-Fare and were Pilloried in the Press.)

All children who are Really Nice
Will freely pay the Proper Price,
Even when Travelling by Train.
This was not true, alas, of Jane,
Who journeyed with her sister Alice
To visit Uncle at the Palace.
(The Bishop's—not the Royal sort—
They were not welcome at The Court)
They had received from Auntie Kate
The Generous Sum of Six and Eight,
Provision quite sufficient for
Their Just Expenses, but No More.
It would on no account suffice
To Gratify Precocious Vice.
Now Alice, spite of Uncle's Strictures,
Was grown an Addict of The Pictures,
While Jane, who was the Better Judge,
Was Over-fond of Chocolate Fudge.
See to what Depths, to gain her Ends,
The wretched Alice now Descends!
Demanding from the Booking Clerk
Two Half Returns to Bedford Park!
(It should be mentioned at this stage
That both of them were Over Age)

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH.	**Lot's Wife.**	Mon., Thurs.
AMBASSADORS.	**Spring Meeting**	Wed., Fri.
APOLLO.	**Idiot's Delight.**	Tues. & Thurs.
COLISEUM.	**Varieties.**	Sats., 2.30
DUCHESS.	**Glorious Morning.**	Wed., Thurs.
GARRICK.	**Poison Pen.**	Thurs. & Sat.
GLOBE.	**"Robert's Wife."**	Wed. and Sat.
HIPPODROME.	**Fleet's Lit Up.**	Th. & Sat.
ST. JAMES'.	**Golden Boy.**	Wed. & Thurs.
ST. MARTIN'S.	**Last Train South.**	Tu., Fri.
STRAND.	**Banana Ridge.**	Thurs. & Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. (Tem.6404.) Evgs., 8.30. Mon., Th., 2.30
LOT'S WIFE by Peter Blackmore.
NORA SWINBURNE. J. H. ROBERTS.
"Laughter in every line."—*Daily Herald.*

AMBASSADORS. Tem. 1171. EVGS., 8.30.
Mats., Wednesdays & Fridays, 2.30
"SPRING MEETING"
A Light Comedy by M. J. Farrell and John Perry.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663.) 8.30. Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
IDIOT'S DELIGHT
by Robert E. Sherwood
RAYMOND MASSEY TAMARA GEVA

DUCHESS, Catherine St., W.C.2. Tem. 8243.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Thurs., 2.30.
GLORIOUS MORNING
by NORMAN MACOWAN.

GARRICK. Tem. 4601. 8.30. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
POISON PEN
By Richard Llewellyn.
WALTER FITZGERALD. DOROTHY BLACK.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30 sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30 sharp.
ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
FRANCES DAY, STANLEY LUPINO
ADELE DIXON, RALPH READER
in **THE FLEET'S LIT UP**

PLAYHOUSE. Whi. 7774.
Evgs., 8.30. (Ex. Mon.) Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
THOU SHALT NOT—
by Emile Zola.

ST. JAMES'. Whi. 3903. 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., 2.30.
GOLDEN BOY
by CLIFFORD ODETS.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Tem. 1443.) 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
FLORA ROBSON in
LAST TRAIN SOUTH
BASIL DEAN & J. B. PRIESTLEY'S PRODUCTION.

STRAND. Tem. 2660. Evgs. 8.30. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30
ROBERTSON HARE & ALFRED DRAYTON in
BANANA RIDGE
by Ben Travers.

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THE HOME OF "THE LAMBETH WALK."

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DOROTHY HYSON, ESME PERCY, ALAN WEBB
in **SHE TOO WAS YOUNG**
by Hilda Vaughan and Laurier Lister. (Tem. 3028.)

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Moscow on the Eve of Revolution.
"THE LAST NIGHT" (A)
Directed by Yu. Raizman.

BERKELEY, Berkeley St. May. 8505.
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Directed by Ilya Trauberg.
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A comedy with a moral by Thomas Holcroft, produced by Mary Balfour.

Entrance by Membership Ticket, obtainable free, in advance, from the Theatre.

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HULL. Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m. **Little.**
Death on the Table
Guy Beauchamp and M. Pertwee.

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GARDEN FÊTE for SPANISH MEDICAL AID. Saturday, Sept. 3rd, 3.30 p.m. at "Spindrift," Jordans Village, Bucks. Speakers: LORD ADDISON and PROFESSOR MORENO.

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HOLIDAYS

Subscribers going on holiday are reminded that Change of Address instructions should reach this office by first post Wednesday morning.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

The Clerk was Well-Disposed, but he
Confessed his Incredulity.
The Aged Station-Master, too,
Who was brought up at Waterloo,
Admitting to a Passing Doubt,
Retired to Think the Matter Out.
Within an hour the Bishop's Niece
Was Interviewed by the Police,
While Jane, who was the Less to Blame,
They treated none the less the Same.
Next day they Figured in the News,
With Mr. Coward and The Jews.

FELIX AYLMER

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 295.—THE NUMBER-CHASE

[For the Lower Fifth]

"For the last quarter of an hour," said Miss Kewbrute, the Maths. Mistress, "we're going to have a number-chase."

The class groaned in unison—with the exception of little Irma Integer, who liked this form of entertainment.

Miss Kewbrute, unperturbed, took out her notebook.

"The number we are chasing," she announced, "is a number of three digits.

"It has twelve pairs of factors—counting, as one pair of factors, the number itself and unity.

"The sum of the three digits of which the number is composed is not a factor of the number.

"Neither is the first of these three digits a factor of the number.

"What is it?"

Irma Integer, her eyes shining with excitement, began feverishly to work the number out; while the rest of the class settled down to noughts and crosses.

What was Miss Kewbrute's number?

PROBLEM 293.—THE SOCCER CHAMPIONSHIP

Solution by David Dempster

Anderson, Barnes and Dickens ……	0	*v.*	Chaplin, Egerton and Fowler ……	3
Anderson, Barnes and Fowler ……	4	*v.*	Chaplin, Dickens and Egerton …	0
Anderson, Chaplin and Dickens …	2	*v.*	Barnes, Egerton and Fowler ……	0
Anderson, Chaplin and Fowler ……	1	*v.*	Barnes, Dickens and Egerton ……	2
Anderson, Dickens and Egerton …	3	*v.*	Barnes, Chaplin and Fowler ……	1
Anderson, Egerton and Fowler ……	0	*v.*	Barnes, Chaplin and Dickens ……	1

Solution: With 6 players there must be 10 matches, and since 23 goals were scored with only two scores the same it is seen that the scores were: 0-0, 0-0, 1-0, 2-0, 1-1, 3-0, 2-1, 4-0, 3-1, and 2-2.

Since the winner had more goals scored against him than for him, and since the loser had more goals for than against, it is safe to assume that they were all very close together, that the winner had 11 goals for and 12 against and that the loser had 12 goals for and 11 goals against. The three who were bracketed must have scored 11 for and had 12 against and the remaining player scored 13 for and had 10 against.

The following table is now constructed:

	Possible Scores										Goals.		Matches.			Pts.
	0–0	0–0	1–0	2–0	1–1	3–0	2–1	4–0	3–1	2–2	For.	Agst.	W.	D.	L.	
D	0–0	0–0	1–0	2–0	1–1	0–3	2–1	0–4	3–1	2–2	11	12	4	4	2	12
A	0–0	0–0	0–1	2–0	1–1	0–3	1–2	4–0	3–1	2–2	13	10	3	4	3	10
C	0–0	0–0	1–0	2–0	1–1	3–0	1–2	0–4	1–3	2–2	11	12	3	4	3	10
B	0–0	0–0	1–0	0–2	1–1	0–3	2–1	4–0	1–3	2–2	11	12	3	4	3	10
E	0–0	0–0	0–1	0–2	1–1	3–0	2–1	0–4	3–1	2–2	11	12	3	4	3	10
F	0–0	0–0	0–1	0–2	1–1	3–0	1–2	4–0	1–3	2–2	12	11	2	4	4	8

Having completed the table satisfactorily it is seen that
in the 1–0 match D, C and B beat the others
in the 2–0 match D, A and C beat the others
in the 3–0 match C, E and F beat the others
in the 2–1 match D, B and E beat the others
in the 4–0 match A, B and F beat the others
and in the 3–1 match D, A and E beat the others.

It is impossible to allot scores in the four drawn matches.

CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

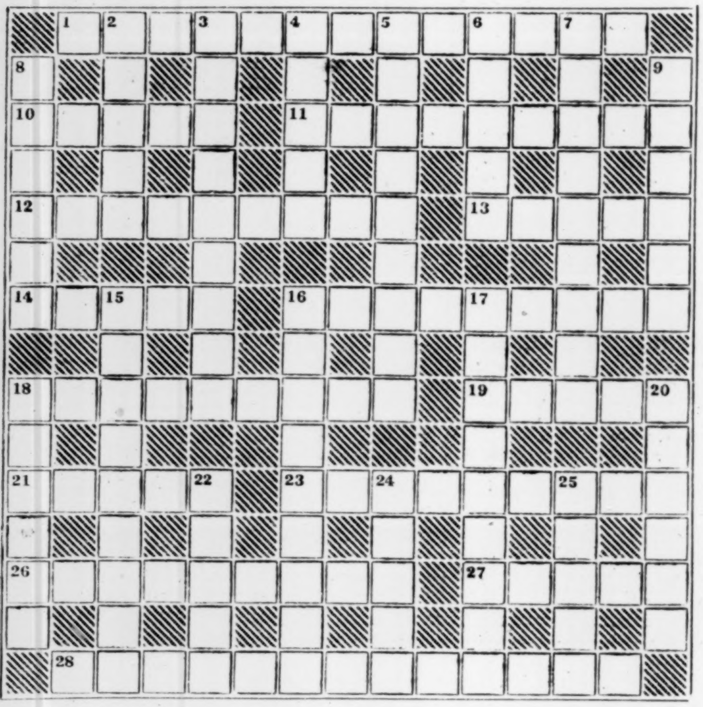
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 442

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
H. N. Watts, 86 Lancaster Ave., West Norwood, S.E.27.

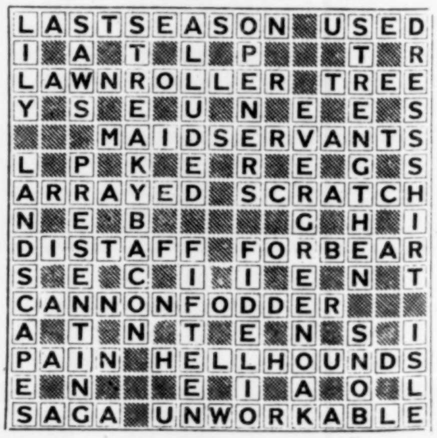
ACROSS

1. Does he teach the art of being attractive? (13)
10. Dancing girl in the guise of a provincial maiden. (5)
11. It looks slippy, not only to Royalty. (9)
12. You would of course get no back chat from those calling here. (9)
13. Does this depend on the view one takes of the Act? (5)
14. A broken prop. (5)
16. The result of using curling tongs? (9)
18. Eton crops? (9)
19. A sailor does it without needle and thread. (5)
21. This animal I endeavour to keep inside. (5)
23. Hosts of people do it. (9)
26. Infantile limit. This majority would not get an officer crowned. (9)
27. Has sometimes been entertained unawares. (5)
28. The management of such open-air performances hope to empty the stalls before finishing. (13)

DOWN

2. There's nothing more for him. (5)
3. What a tailor might invest one with. (9)
4. There isn't any in Poona. (5)
5. Where the big ships may ride at anchor? (9)
6. Receptacles for booty presumably. (5)
7. Regularly follows Hilary. (9)
8. Possible alternative to Bass. (6)
9. Enable one to get uplift easily. (6)
15. Such people do not always stick out. (9)
16. Garage the steamer perhaps. (9)
17. A washing sign? (9)
18. To begin with the streets are being tarred it seems. (6)
20. A run (6)
22. In the long run it returns home. (5)
24. A dead letter one might call it, and formerly a deadly one. (5)
25. Slang for a groat. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



L	A	S	T	S	E	A	S	O	N	▨	U	S	E	D
I	▨	A	▨	T	▨	L	▨	P	▨	▨	▨	T	▨	R
L	A	W	N	R	O	L	L	E	R	▨	T	R	E	E
Y	▨	S	▨	E	▨	U	▨	N	▨	E	▨	E	▨	S
▨	▨	▨	M	A	I	D	S	E	R	V	A	N	T	S
L	▨	P	▨	K	▨	E	▨	R	▨	E	▨	G	▨	S
A	R	R	A	Y	E	D	▨	S	C	R	A	T	C	H
N	▨	E	▨	B	▨	▨	▨	▨	▨	G	▨	H	▨	I
D	I	S	T	A	F	F	▨	F	O	R	B	E	A	R
S	▨	E	▨	C	▨	I	▨	I	▨	E	▨	N	▨	T
C	A	N	N	O	N	F	O	D	D	E	R	▨	▨	▨
A	▨	T	▨	N	▨	T	▨	E	▨	N	▨	S	▨	I
P	A	I	N	▨	H	E	L	L	H	O	U	N	D	S
E	▨	N	▨	▨	▨	E	▨	I	▨	A	▨	O	▨	L
S	A	G	A	▨	U	N	W	O	R	K	A	B	L	E

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